30 June 1978 30p USA & Canada $1 By Air

NEW STATESMAN

CRIME BOOKS

Blood & oil in Africa

New disclosures on the sanctions-busting that fuels Rhodesia's war

Arms sales: the phoney economics

Kingsley Amis

Holmesiana

Ambassador College
AUG 28 1978
LIBRARY

The price of monetarism

In times of crisis, politicians frequently decide that the appearance of action must be substituted for action itself. Therefore, the image-polishers are already making ready for the economic summit – to be held at Bonn in two weeks' time, with a preliminary meeting in Bremen next week. In this case, the work takes a negative form: German officials are busily persuading journalists *not* to expect anything to happen. Given suitably depressed expectations, it may be possible to present some minimal degree of accord as a triumph.

We should not let this kind of agenda-bending distort our perspective – nor forget that, although we have a modest domestic boom under way, the prospects for the British economy are very grim indeed if nothing worthwhile can be done at Bonn. The purpose of the economic summit, and of all the laborious mountaineering on the way, is to get the finance ministers of the West to commit themselves to economic expansion. But with America heading for a $26 billion trade deficit, it is only Germany which can take significant action to increase imports. And the fact is that the Germans show no sign of doing so.

From their viewpoint, the case for large-scale reflation is remarkably hard to see. Judged by the measures they use themselves, German unemployment is not particularly high. They are passionately determined to keep their inflation rate somewhere near its present three per cent. And they are deeply convinced that the principal reason America cannot play any useful part in procuring reflation is that the Americans will not make any serious effort to control their thirst for energy.

Between American profligacy and German puritanism lies the vulnerable British economy, looking flushed and hectic. There is some growth, but it is nervous and jumpy, the result of sudden tax cuts and wage increases. There are no new foundation stones being laid, and prospects at the end of the present boomlet could be very nasty indeed. The trouble is that a non-event at Bonn may be made the excuse for a collapse into complete defeatism.

Already, we endure wounds which are largely self-inflicted. We allow unemployment to become institutionalised, while at the same time the indices of public welfare decline. The waste of resources is immense, and the political dangers, especially to the positions of minorities and of women, are considerable.

The effect of monetarist superstition now becomes immensely debilitating. The fear of a rising money supply – and what it might mean for inflation – throws City investment managers into a panic. They cease to buy Government securities, and so our money lies idle in the banks. The result of that is that the money supply is seen to rise anyway – and there is another conservative prophecy fulfilled. Only a few weeks ago, the gilt market behaved in exactly this way, despite the fact that the government was offering its bonds at a yield well above the going inflation rate. (It is much less easy for the German or the American system to be de-stabilised by the night-thoughts of a few money-managers.)

In April the NEW STATESMAN, commenting on the work of the 'New Cambridge' economists, stated that we would soon face a choice between massive, long-term unemployment and a policy of planning and intervention in the economy. Nothing has happened meanwhile to invalidate that analysis. Of course, we can go on appeasing domestic monetarism for a time. But the price, in terms of social decay and political tension, cannot be paid indefinitely. Given a crisis of sufficient depth, we shall no doubt have a policy of directed investment, control of capital outflows, and control of imports – imposed in a panic. We shall suffer less harm, and do less harm to our trading partners, if we recognise now that no international promises about reflation can avoid the choice that we must make between socialism and stagnation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notes on Politics and Power

New fashions in missile technology

Godfrey Hodgson writes: Washington and Moscow are finding it hard enough to negotiate the quantitative aspects of a Strategic Arms Limitation treaty: that is, how many existing types of nuclear delivery systems each superpower shall be allowed to have. But experts in Washington now believe that the qualitative aspects of strategic arms limitation may be even more important: the limitation, that is, of the technological race that could make the

precarious balance of mutual deterrence tip one way or the other.

The new Strategic Survey published by the International Institute for Strategic Studies in London gives a terrifying glimpse of the beasts lurking around the next few corners. Developments in a whole range of new technologies – in engines, warheads and guidance systems – could all affect the strategic balance. For instance:

- New guidance systems using optical, infrared, radio-wave or acoustic 'signatures' to distinguish a target from its surroundings, or using new, highly accurate navigational techniques such as 'terrain contour matching' (TERCOM), will make missiles far more accurate. The circular error probable (CEP) of the US Air Force's new MX missile, for example, will be 200-300 feet, against 600-800 feet for the Minuteman II currently deployed. Soviet missiles are less accurate, but their CEPs are falling rapidly too, and are expected to fall below 1,000 feet by the early 1980s.
- The new US Cruise missiles have been made possible by new super-efficient engines weighing no more than 100-150 lb.
- The neutron bomb is only one of a whole generation of new warheads. In the United States these include the B-61 variable yield or 'dial-a-yield' bomb; a triple-choice bomb which can be detonated in the air, on impact, or by delayed action; and new low-yield nuclear artillery shells.

These technological developments, and particularly the improved accuracy of missiles, have great strategic implications. They call into question the continued viability of fixed site, land-based missiles. And they could increase pressures to launch a preemptive first strike against the enemy's missile and other strategic installations: a 'counterforce' strike. This is chiefly because of the greatly increased 'single shot kill probabilities' (SSKP) of the new missiles. The SSKP of the new US missiles with new warheads is expected to be 90 per cent, as against the estimated 45-60 per cent SSKP of present weapons systems.

'An American decision to deploy a force of 300 MX missiles', the Strategic Survey says, 'would give the United States a first-strike potential of destroying well over 90 per cent of the fixed land-based Soviet missiles.' Until then, however, improvements in the accuracy of Soviet missiles will give the Soviet Union the ability to destroy a substantial proportion of the American ICBM force.' The Strategic Survey goes on to point out, however, that because a greater proportion of Soviet missiles are land-based, the Soviet Union's forces are more vulnerable to the new missiles.

Fatal secrecy of low-flying RAF bombers

Duncan Campbell writes: The Under-Secretary of State for the RAF, Jim Wellbeloved, now has an opportunity to make an important contribution to public safety. He could do so by publishing a series of documents which have hitherto been classified and locked away by the Ministry of Defence — maps used by the RAF and the United States Air Force for training in Britain.

Just over a month ago, he told the House of Commons that a review of all low flying was underway and would be completed as soon as possible: 'My view is that it would be better for the low flying system to be published, but these are matters that are still under consideration.'

As part of their training (for attack rather than defence), both the RAF and the USAF must regularly practise low flying, virtually at tree-top level. This enables them to cover long distances without being noticed by normal radar detectors on the ground. A fixed pattern of routes and training areas around Britain is used for this practice, and includes bombing runs on target ranges. Although the map of routes is 'classified' it is hardly kept secret from those whose misery it is to live or holiday beneath such routes.

Official figures for the annual number of low flights, last released in 1975, enumerate 176,528 flights – about 500 *every day*. Almost half of these occur in southern England, with 43 per cent concentrated around Salisbury and 'parts of Kent, Sussex and Dorset'.

The vital point about publication of the routes is air safety. Many small aeroplanes – crop sprayers, air taxis, instruction and pleasure craft – operate at the heights used for military low flying. There has been one fatal accident, over Norfolk three years ago, when an RAF Phantom collided with a crop sprayer. It should have resulted in immediate disclosure of low flying routes to avoid repetition. Instead, civil pilots were told to notify the RAF of any of their low flying movements – although the hazard clearly came from military activities and not *vice versa*. That accident only marks the tip of a vast pile of hair-raising tales that almost every pilot has to tell.

In the past the Ministry of Defence has avoided handling vital confirmatory intelligence to such potential enemies as the Little Snoring Environmental Action Group, or whomever. It does not claim to withold the details on grounds of national security, but explains the 'classified' tag as a 'practical consideration': – 'It is safer not to publish at all than to let civil pilots use out of date information'.

That argument finds little sympathy with anti-secrecy campaigners, or with the aviation magazine *Flight* which has for some years demanded publication of a range of air safety information and details of RAF flying accident investigations. *Flight* points out that the RAF's counterparts in the USA, Australia and elsewhere find no difficulty in making such information available.

The case of the well-fed civil servant

Christopher Hird writes: Mr Stephen Maltz used to work for the Department of Industry in the regional finance section. His wife was a substantial shareholder in a Welsh radiator manufacturer, Penrad, which received substantial government aid. But last week a Department of Industry mandarin, Sir Peter Carey, said there was nothing suspicious about the affair.

Mr Maltz joined the department in February 1975 and left on special leave – but never to return – in November. Mrs Maltz, already a small shareholder in Penrad, bought most of her 19 per cent stake in the early months of 1975. Her husband worked in a section of the Department which dealt with investment from overseas in the UK. He had no way of knowing about the government's aid to Penrad, who had made their first application for money in the previous year.

Why did Mrs Maltz chose Penrad, an ailing company – to back her hunch that the stock market was about to rise (it did, and she made a lot of money)? A major reason seems to be that her husband was a friend of some of the directors of Penrad, who were associated with the fringe finance company Eldridge Stableford – now bust.

The most curious part of the story is why the Civil Service Commissioners employed Mr Maltz in the first place. Whilst in his teens he was a property dealer, before qualifying as an accountant. Before he was 25 he had set up the Beatles' company Apple, which on his own admission got out of control.

From there Mr Maltz moved on to be a personal assistant of financier Jim Slater and then to one of Slater's acolytes, Malcolm Horsman. Horsman gave Mr Maltz his break in 1971, by providing him with a stock market vehicle in the shape of a timber company called Tower Assets. In the spirit of the time, Maltz sold this to another Slater protegé for £11 million in 1974.

However, by the end of the year the buyers did not like what they had bought and Mr

NEW STATESMAN
Vol 95 No 2467
Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ Tel: 01-405 8471
© 1978
The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd.

Annual Subscription Rates

By surface mail	UK £14.50, Overseas £16, USA $34, Canada $37.
By air mail	Europe £19.50, Middle East £21, Africa, India, W Indies £22, USA $44, Canada $47 Australia, NZ, Far East £23.

For details of student rates write to the Subscriptions Manager at the above address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maltz was involved in a £5 million wrangle over the information Tower provided in the deal. It was then that the Civil Service Commission recruited him, through open competition, and allocated him to the Department of Industry because of his financial and business experience.

Mr Maltz left the Department to fight the law case over the sale of Tower – from which he pocketed something under £200,000. The case was settled out of court and Mr Maltz now lives in Israel. His ambition, he once said, was to 'do more for charity.'

Union challenges Edwardes's plan for Leyland

Patrick Wintour writes: As Michael Edwardes's British Leyland management surge into another of their periodic attacks on shop stewards (this time at the Longbridge plant where the supermini is due to begin production in 18 months) TASS, the staff section of the engineer's union, has produced a timely critique of the whole Edwardes plan. It described Edwardes's unambitious blueprint for survival as 'a strategy for slow death'. It criticises the way the Edwardes plan runs contrary to the views of the European car producers, the select committee report, the think tank report and also the Ryder plan – all of which emphasised investment and expansion. TASS want Leyland to benefit from economies of scale by doubling production to 1.5m. vehicles a year.

Edwardes, by contrast, has reduced investment by £300m. in the crucial cars section. This leads TASS to conclude that he wants to abandon volume cars eventually and settle purely for specialist car production: the union points out that in the medium section Leyland's three models introduced in 1969, 1971, and 1973 are competing with Ford models dating from 1975 and 1976. In Europe, Renault plan an investment of £2,470m. over the next four years while Volkswagen have spent over £1,300m. on its car model range alone in the past four years. Leyland's total investment for all its sections presently stands at £1,300m. for the next four years.

Darkness at Noon revisited

Christopher Hitchens writes: Two campaigns on the Left are currently stressing the issue of socialist dissent in Eastern Europe. The first, organised by the weekly *Socialist Challenge*, concerns the imprisonment of Rudolf Bahro in East Germany. Bahro has been charged with the crime of espionage, though it seems obvious that his only offence is to have written a critique of what he calls 'actually existing socialism'. This work was published in the West by a trade union group in Federal Germany, and Bahro's arrest, in August of last year, followed very swiftly on its appearance. *Socialist Challenge* has addressed an open letter to Erich Honecker, the East German leader, and has secured the signatures of various Labour MPs, trade union leaders, and left-wing activists and even a number of leading members of the Communist Party.

The Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation have also launched an initiative with fascinating implications. They are circulating a letter from Yuri Larin, the son of Nikolai Bukharin, whose trial and execution in 1938 marked the high point of Stalin's purge. Larin is demanding that his father be officially rehabilitated and that the charges against him be admitted as having been false. The request is a hard one for the authorities to refuse, since many of Bukharin's co-defendants have already been posthumously cleared. But in the atmosphere of post-Krushchev Russia there is still a great deal of embarrassment in high places about the past.

Larin sent his open letter originally to Enrico Berlinguer of the PCI, and as well as receiving sympathetic coverage from that quarter he has also found a wide response from many European socialist leaders, including the chairman of our own Labour Party. But so far there has been no reply from the Soviet legal system or its spokesmen.

Nikolai Bukharin and friend: Moscow 1933

When Eden said Nasser should be 'murdered'

Christopher Hitchens writes: Selwyn Lloyd's account of the Suez fiasco has been marketed as 'the truth they tried to hide'. It would be more accurate to say 'some of the truth *he* tried to hide', since nothing in the memoirs published in the *Sunday Times* represents a revelation, and on many points the obfuscation of the period is wilfully perpetuated.

Of course 1956 was a great year for obfuscation: when a Tory government announced that, while we were not in a state of war with Egypt, we were in a state of armed conflict. It fell to Selwyn Lloyd as Foreign Secretary to make the arrangements for a secret Anglo-French-Israeli entente, to help mount an aggression against Egypt and, as Minister responsible, to deceive the House of Commons about it on 31 October. A few hours later, British aircraft bombed four Egyptian airfields and began a war which ended in ignominous defeat and the collapse of Sir Anthony Eden as Prime Minister. (He, too, lied directly to the House by claiming that Britain had 'no fore-knowledge' of the initial Israeli attack.)

The fact, is that ever since 1967 there has been a perfectly accurate account of the Suez episode on record. During the crisis Sir Anthony Nutting, Minister of State at the Foreign Office, resigned his post in protest at the sordid conspiracy with France and Israel, and was driven from politics by his former colleagues. His book, *No End of A Lesson*, differs from Selwyn Lloyd's in three respects. It is elegant and modest (he refers to Lloyd's lying speech as 'disingenuous'), and it is honest.

It is doubtful whether later accounts would have been even as candid as they are without this standing reproach. When I spoke to Sir Anthony last week, he was able to point out some important inconsistencies in the Selwyn Lloyd account.

Dealing with Moshe Dayan's admission that there was collusion between the three governments in October 1956, Lloyd claims that 'in fact we had no plan for co-operation with Israel . . . we would intervene *to protect the Canal*'. A few paragraphs later, after Lloyd has returned from his then secret meeting with Ben Gurion, he has the Cabinet agreeing that the objective of a military operation would be *the same as in the summer*: to obtain control of the Canal by landing an Anglo-French force after preliminary air bombardment ; *and to secure the downfall of Nasser*' (my italics). So much for protecting shipping and for 'separating the combatants'. Thus, Lloyd's account is deeply – and it must be deliberately – flawed on the main point of fact. On the main point of interpretation, too, he is deeply misleading.

He maintains that all along it was Eden's desire and intention to achieve a settlement. In fact, Nutting's long personal and political friendship with Eden foundered precisely because Eden wanted nothing of the sort. Nutting recalls in his book how Eden rang him at the Savoy in a rage, denouncing a Nutting memo which had urged caution in replacing Nasser by an unknown quantity. 'But I don't want an alternative', yelled Eden 'and I don't give a damn if there's chaos and anarchy in Egypt . . . I want him destroyed, can't you understand'. Today, Nutting is prepared to reveal that on another occasion Eden's language about Nasser was even more extreme. He told Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick that he wanted the Egyptian leader murdered.

Kirkpatrick, as the senior mandarin with 'cloak and dagger' connections, replied: 'Prime Minister, I understand that some countries maintain special departments for that sort of thing, but I'm afraid Great Britain is not one of them'.

As Nutting says of his erstwhile colleagues: 'if they were going to commit an assault, they must appear to be wearing a policeman's uniform'. Lloyd perpetuates this hypocrisy by pretending that the decade of 'peace' between 1956 and 1967 was attributable to the Suez invasion. In fact, it was only international pressure, combined with British incompetence, which forced an early withdrawal and forestalled a wider war.

The combination of adventurism and deceit which made up Tory foreign policy in those days may seem no more than a bad memory. But the attitudes and many of the actors, are still with us. Lord Thorneycroft, now chairman of the Tory Party, was an enthusiastic member of the cabal which planned the aggression. And, in his newly published memoirs, Reginald Maudling (Mrs Thatcher's choice as foreign affairs spokesman for two years) reveals that he still thinks the policy was correct.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rhodesia: Sanctions busters' secrets revealed

Oil has kept Rhodesia going since UDI in 1965. Here **Martin Bailey** and **Bernard Rivers** show how it was done and how a British company owned by Shell and BP must have known about it

The current civil war in Rhodesia – with all its atrocities – is an inevitable result of the stubborn continuation of minority rule. That minority rule would have crumbled long ago if the regime had not been able to rely upon a continual supply of oil. Last week's *Observer* revealed that five Western oil companies have consistently and knowingly supplied the Smith regime with all its oil requirements during more than twelve years of sanctions. We can reveal the exact details of the paper chase the companies constructed to do this. Shell and BP alone have provided Rhodesia with about £100 million worth of oil. At all times their company which did this – Shell Mozambique – was aware the oil was going to Rhodesia and has destroyed incriminating documentation showing the connection. As this company is registered in London it appears its directors have been guilty of breaking the British government's sanctions regulations.

A few months after UDI the Southern African subsidiaries of five Western oil companies decided that they would defy UN sanctions by continuing to supply Rhodesia's oil requirements. The companies were Shell (British/Dutch), BP (British and with a major stake held by the Government), Mobil and Caltex (American), and Total (French). For political and legal reasons they chose not to sell *directly* to Rhodesia; they therefore set up a scheme to supply their Rhodesian subsidiaries through a chain of intermediaries.

Two key intermediaries were used. Immediately after UDI the Rhodesian regime secretly established an organisation known as GENTA – an anagram of the word 'agent' – to purchase oil. GENTA, registered as a private company, has always been headed by George Atmore, – the 'king' of sanctions-busters.

GENTA's role is to coordinate the importation of Rhodesia's oil. After UDI each of the five Western-owned oil companies which marketed within Rhodesia agreed they would each retain the same share of the market as at the time of UDI. GENTA's role was to oversee this system and to coordinate the necessary imports.

The second main intermediary was the South African company of Freight Services Ltd. The oil companies were unwilling to sell *direct* to GENTA – since it was a Rhodesian body – so they needed an intermediary which could appear in their records as a normal customer. In the period immediately after UDI a number of intermediaries were used. But by the end of the sixties, they dealt with one company – Freight Services, with its headquarters in Johannesburg.

The major shareholder in Freight Services is now Harry Oppenheimer's Anglo-American Corporation – a company that has attempted to project a liberal image in South Africa. Nevertheless, several British companies – including Charter Consolidated, British and Commonwealth Shipping, and Ocean Transport and Trading – have also had a significant stake in Freight Services at different times over the past decade.

This is how the paper chase worked: Shell-Rhodesia (like its sister marketing companies in Rhodesia) would place an order for different oil products every six months; these requirements would be confirmed or adjusted monthly. The orders were sent via GENTA and Freight Services to Shell-South Africa's Johannesburg office.

Shell-South Africa, on receipt of the order for Rhodesia, then arranged for the delivery of the necessary oil to Lourenço Marques (now known as Maputo) in Mozambique, for eventual onward transportation by rail to Rhodesia. In the years immediately after UDI much of the oil came from overseas (mainly the Middle East), but as the joint Shell/BP refinery at Durban was expanded, so an increasing part of Shell-Rhodesia's imports was shipped to Lourenço Marques from South Africa.

> Two key intermediaries were used: Genta, set up by the Rhodesian government and Freight Services – part of Anglo-American Corporation

The oil which arrived by tanker at Lourenço Marques was unloaded – in bond – and placed in Shell's storage tanks. That part of the oil which was destined for Rhodesia was then sold to Freight Services by Shell-South Africa while it was still in the sealed tanks. But the operational responsibility for it lay with Shell-Mozambique – a British registered company with British directors which was bound by UK sanctions legislation. Freight Services, as the new owner of the oil, obtained from the Mozambican Customs and Excise Department a 'Customs Clearance Document' which explicitly stated that the oil had been purchased by Freight Services from Shell, *and* that it was to be taken to Rhodesia. However, before the customs officials would break the seal on the bonded oil storage tanks and allow the oil to be off-loaded into railway tank-cars for onward transportation, Shell-Mozambique was obliged to counter-sign the Customs Clearance Document, *and* to register a copy of it in their own storage record book. The Lisbon authorities had deliberately established this procedure, so that – in the words of a secret Portuguese cable on the subject – the oil companies 'cannot claim ignorance of the final destination of (the oil) products . . .'

The rail tank-cars were then sent to the Mozambique Railways' marshalling yards, and dispatched to Rhodesia. The trains normally left in darkness. As one Shell employee said: 'it was really an attempt to make this trade less visible.'

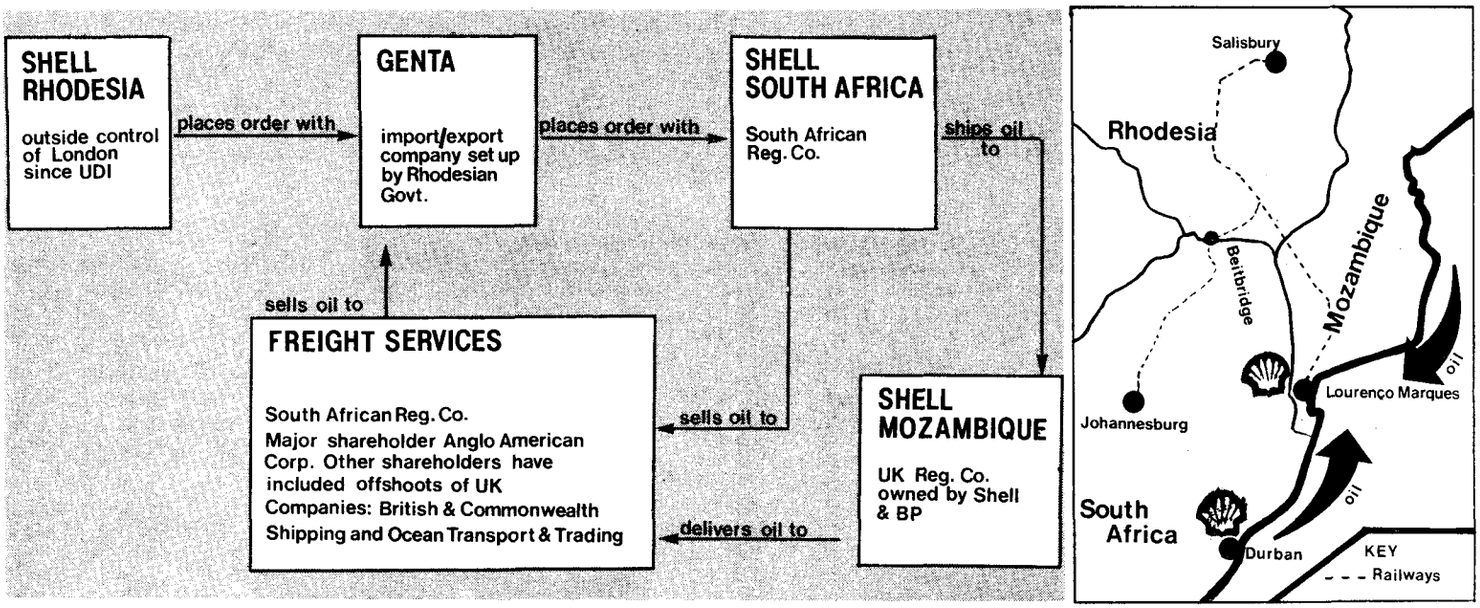
Shell-Mozambique received a handling fee from Shell-South Africa for these activities. These fees are understood to have accounted for about a quarter of the total profits of Shell's Mozambican subsidiary.

Payment for the oil itself was arranged in South Africa: Shell-South Africa invoiced Freight Services, which in turn charged, GENTA, who finally billed Shell-Rhodesia. Payment would then go back along the same chain. But the 'paper chase' for payments was deliberately made more complex. Freight Services set up a number of companies – which were little more than letter-boxes for passing invoices – in order to make it even more difficult to unravel the scheme.

The whole procedure was highly secret, with horticultural code names used in a rather amateur attempt at security: 'pineapples' was aviation gasoline, 'pawpaws' was aviation turbine fuel, and 'turnips' was liquid petroleum gas.

Shell was by no means alone in this clandestine scheme. BP also supplied its Rhodesian subsidiary through Shell-Mozambique (jointly owned by Shell and BP). Mobil, Caltex, and Total adopted similar methods to fuel the rebel regime. Small amounts of oil products also came from the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Atrocities such as the murder of the missionaries (left) could have been avoided if the sanctions busting paperchase had never begun.

Portuguese-owned Sonarep refinery in Mozambique. By 1973, just before rocketing oil prices hit Rhodesia's imports, a total of 11,000 barrels a day of oil products were reaching the rebel regime through Lourenço Marques.

The oil companies were only able to break the UN embargo of Rhodesia because of a glaring loophole in the sanctions legislation of Western countries: these regulations only apply to domestically registered companies, and not to subsidiaries registered overseas. Wholly-owned South African subsidiaries of Shell and BP are not, for instance, themselves prohibited from trading with Rhodesia. However, until 1974, there was no direct rail link between South Africa and Rhodesia, so the oil had to go via the Mozambican railway that runs from the port of Lourenço Marques to the Rhodesian border at Malvernia (see map). This created a crucial flaw in the scheme: Shell-Mozambique was registered in London and controlled by British directors; it was therefore covered by British sanctions regulations.

These regulations prohibit any British person or company (such as Shell-Mozambique) from supplying goods 'knowing or having reasonable cause to believe that they will be supplied or delivered to or to the order of a person in Southern Rhodesia,' or doing 'any act calculated to promote the supply or delivery' of such goods to Southern Rhodesia.

There is considerable evidence that Shell-Mozambique was fully aware that Freight Services was being used as a front for supplying Rhodesia.

For a start, as already explained, Shell-Mozambique had to counter-sign and file customs documentation which stated that oil purchased by Freight Services from Shell was being taken to Rhodesia.

Second, Freight Services was no ordinary customer: it purchased around 40 per cent of all the oil products landed by Shell at Lourenço Marques. Indeed there was no other private customer that purchased any quantity even approaching this amount. Freight Service's total purchases from all the oil companies was roughly equal to Mozambique's *total* domestic consumption of oil products.

At 'Industry Meetings' in Lourenço Marques, attended by all the oil companies, to discuss any problems arising in supplying Freight Services the quantities supplied by each company were revealed. It was therefore obvious to all that the total amount of oil sold to Freight Services represented a figure equivalent to Rhodesia's total imports.

What is more, it was clear that each of the companies was supplying almost exactly the same proportion of Freight Services' requirements as the market share held by each of the Rhodesian companies at the time of UDI. For example, in 1975 Shell-Mozambique (which also acted on behalf of BP) provided 144,805 tons of oil to Freight Services. This represented 42½ per cent of Freight Services' purchases and is remarkably close to the 43 per cent share of the Rhodesian market held by Shell and BP at UDI.

Third, supplies to Freight Services – although it was nominally a South African customer – were accounted for separately in the records of Shell-Mozambique. Stock sheets, showing the level of supplies at the Shell tanks at Lourenço Marques, had two categories of exports: 'South Africa (including Swaziland and Botswana)' and what was enigmatically entitled 'FS Exercise'. If the products sold to Freight Services were not destined for the South African customs area, they must have gone to Rhodesia.

Fourth, the Freight Services link with Rhodesia is shown in a confidential letter from Freight Services' Lourenço Marques office to the oil companies, dated 5 November 1970. This letter, which was sent (*inter alia*) to Shell-Mozambique, referred to a request from Rhodesia Railways for the return of tank-car keys. This not only shows that Shell-Mozambique regularly filled Rhodesia Railways tank-cars – but it also shows that Freight Services was acting as an agent for Rhodesia by passing on instructions from Rhodesia Railways in Salisbury. (The oil supplied to Freight Services was normally loaded into Rhodesia Railways tank-cars, with the large painted 'RR' sign on the side of the tank-car painted out. The tank-cars were shunted from the oil storage tanks to the Lourenço Marques marshalling yard, where Mozambique Railways placed destination labels on the tank-cars addressed to 'GENTA, Malvernia' on behalf of Freight Services.)

Fifth, Shell-Mozambique correspondence with Freight Services was surrounded in a special veil of secrecy. Letters to Freight Services were normally designated 'confidential'. Sometimes correspondence was written personally by senior Shell officers from their home addresses. Copies of the loading papers for Freight Services traffic – given the code title of 'Schedule C' documents – were also carefully burnt by Shell-Mozambique after one year. And soon after the closure of the Mozambique/Rhodesian border on 6 March 1976, all correspondence with Freight Services in the files of Shell-Mozambique was burnt. It is understood that instructions for this to be done were given by Gavin Trechman, a British citizen currently working for BP in London, who was then a senior official and director of Shell-Mozambique.

The closure of the border created another embarrassing problem for Shell: a number of Rhodesia Railways' tank-cars were stranded on the Mozambique side of the frontier. The Mozambique government

MARTIN BAILEY and BERNARD RIVERS have spent the last four years investigating how the oil companies have supplied Rhodesia's fuel. They have travelled widely in Southern Africa, Europe and North America. They have interviewed dozens of people ranging from oil company executives who co-ordinated imports in Rhodesia, to the workers who actually loaded the fuel into railway tank-cars in Mozambique. Bernard Rivers is the author of The Oil Conspiracy, **published in 1976, which reproduced secret documents showing how Mobil broke sanctions regulations. A month after the publication of Martin Bailey's book,** Shell and BP in South Africa, **the British government set up the Bingham enquiry to investigate allegations of sanctions busting. The authors are consultants to the Commonwealth Secretariat at the United Nations.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

immediately confiscated these tank-cars and forced the oil companies to re-purchase the product. The fact that some of these tank-cars were finally returned to Shell with destination cards addressed to 'GENTA, Malvernia' was further evidence of Freight Services role in the paperchase.

The head offices of Shell and BP London have at the very least been guilty of serious negligence. For many years it was publicly known that Rhodesia was obtaining virtually all its oil requirements by rail from Lourenço Marques.

Any British oil company supplying Lourenço Marques was therefore surely under some obligation to ensure that this oil did not find its way to Rhodesia. As it was, around 40 per cent of all oil products landed at Lourenço Marques by Shell and BP eventually reached Rhodesia. Despite this fact, Shell and BP in London seem to have done little more than issue formal instructions to Shell-Mozambique not to deliver oil to Rhodesia.

This week, a book entitled 'Sanctions Double Cross: Oil to Rhodesia' is being published in Portugal. Written by Jorge Jardim, who was Salazar's personal representative in Mozambique during the 1960's, it quotes a 'strictly personal' memorandum written by Mr I. C. McCutcheon, head of Shell-South Africa, on 20 March 1974. Mr McCutcheon discusses various measures – such as the placing of some back-dated correspondence in their files – to make it harder to detect Shell's involvement with Freight Services in supplying oil for Rhodesia. But, he forlornly confesses, 'it is extremely difficult to find a fool-proof arrangement which will demonstrate that we have not been aware of any dealings with Rhodesia.' He goes on to add that the head of Shell-Mozambique 'has been asked to investigate whether there are any other arrangements that could be made to mask the fact that we are selling product to Freight Services who are subsequently transporting it to Rhodesia.'

Jardim says that copies of this damning memorandum were sent to Shell and BP in London. Yet Lord Goronwy-Roberts, Minister of State at the Foreign Office, told the House of Lords in May 1977 that 'assurances of a substantial character from the highest level have been given us that no oil from British companies, including BP, finds its way directly or indirectly to Rhodesia.'

Next week: The Cover Up: *How the oil companies misled the government.*

Denis MacShane

Spy Stations in Cyprus

Cyprus must be an aerial manufacturer's paradise. Wherever you go on the island, town or country, there are aerials. Looped ones, great concave dishes staring into the sky, thin strands of wire suspended between rows and rows of stunted pylons. And they are not there to pick up the sprightly output of the Cyprus Broadcasting Corporation nor is there a disproportionate number of amateur radio hams on the island. Cyprus just happens to be the most delicately positioned radio listening post for the western powers.

A child's knowledge of geography shows why. Within a stone's throw (in radio transmission terms) of Cyprus are some of the world's most sensitive radio communications beginning or ending in countries like Israel, Egypt, Lebanon, Iraq, Jordan; as well as the major powers' diplomatic and intelligence gathering communications to and from the region – not to mention the flurry of US and Soviet activity in the Mediterranean. That is why the British government fought so very hard to hang on to 99 square miles of the island during the independence negotiations of 1960. The sovereign bases with their rows of suburban houses in roads called Isle of Wight Avenue or Winchester Terrace are more than staging posts for some future British feat of arms East of Suez.

They provide a secure base for three important intelligence gathering operations on the island: radar sweeps, signal interceptions and U2 flights. The main radar station is located high in the Troodos mountains in the middle of Cyprus. The white geodesic domes are clearly visible above the ski-run that operates during the winter. The warning signs claim that RAF police dogs are on patrol but with pictures of the Troodos radar station appearing regularly in the Cyprus press – usually on the sports pages, as the best camera position for taking photographs of ski races nearly always means that the radar installations appear in shot – there is nothing secret to protect.

The Americans have been flying U2s off the Akrotiri airfield on the Episkopi sovereign base for as long as anyone on Cyprus can remember. But it is signals intelligence gathering that is the real Cyprus speciality. There are three American monitoring stations at Karavas, Mia-Milia and Yerolakkas. However, these were shut down, according to Vedat Celik, one of Raulf Denktash's principal lieutenants in the Turkish sector, following the US arms embargo imposed after the Turkish invasion and occupation in 1974.

The main British monitoring station is at Ayios Nikolaos, at the very northern tip of the Dhekelia sovereign base. It is about an hour's drive from Nicosia and when I drove there in May together with Alan Sapper, General Secretary of the ACTT, and a Cypriot journalist, no-one stopped us en route. The 9th Signals Regiment has been stationed there since the mid-1950's, one of the very few army units whose overseas posting never changes. The Regiment has become famous because it was there that John Berry, of Aubrey, Berry, Campbell distinction, served as a corporal in the 1960s. The famous Col B also commanded the regiment. The orderly officers for the day of our visit seemed perplexed by our arrival, but cheerfully gave a cup of coffee and permission for photographs to be taken of the two of us standing in front of the regimental signboard.

The interception and de-coding of radio traffic has been one of Britain's main contributions to western intelligence ever since the war and the 'Ultra Secret' code-breakers of Bletchley. Strictly speaking, such activity is illegal. The 1973 Torremolinos Convention on international telecommunications which was ratified by the British government in 1974 says that signatory governments 'agree to take all possible measures, compatible with the system of telecommunication used, with a view to ensuring the secrecy of international correspondence'. Five years ago the army had territorial ambulance drivers from Kent flown to Cyprus to run around the scrubland on the sovereign bases to test a suit of protective clothing, newly designed for use in chemical warfare and intended for NATO, despite a solemn assurance given to Makarios that Cyprus would never be used for NATO purposes. So breaking the Torremolinos Convention will hardly pose a major worry to the collective conscience of the West's intelligence system.

Everyone on Cyprus knows. Talk to any politician, trade union leader or journalist in Cyprus and the names of the radio monitoring stations are freely and easily given. The radar stations, the U2 flights and the presence of more intelligence officers per head of population than in any other area in the world is a fact of life.

Andreas Ziartides of PEO, Cyprus's main trade union, and Takis Kounafis, one of the leaders of the left-wing EDEK party, both said that the closure of the radio monitoring stations as well as the ending of the sovereign bases agreement had been a main plank in their respective policies since 1960. Not spelt out of course is the need to keep the Western powers, especially the United States, as sweet as possible in order to maintain the arms embargo pressure on Turkey.

So the Cypriots learn to live with their island's role as a gigantic bugging device for the West. Journalists I spoke to were amazed that the intelligence gathering operations in Cyprus were considered a secret in Britain and found it difficult to credit the Aubrey, Berry, Campbell prosecutions and the brouhaha over the Col B affair. Chris Katsambas, editor of the middle-of-the-road daily paper, Philelephtheros, and one of the island's most respected senior journalists described his astonishment: 'We have published photographs of all these installations. Everyone knows what goes on inside them. The activities of your 9th Signals Regiment are well known. Frankly it is difficult to imagine that such proceedings against journalists could take place in a libertarian country like Britain'.

It is a point that could well be lost on Sam Silkin or Merlyn Rees but then they have not been to Cyprus and probably believed their military intelligence and Special Branch advisors when they were told that the installations and operations on the island were still a well-guarded secret.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roger Murray: The rising stakes in the Namibian power game

The whole painfully-built Western strategy for peaceful decolonisation of Namibia has been put in doubt by the South African decision to begin registering voters for an election – Namibia's first-ever – to be held not later than October.

Since April 1977 Britain, Canada, France, West Germany and America have been engaged in tortuous negotiations with South Africa and with the South-West African People's Organisation (SWAPO), which is the only nationalist group recognised by the US: the aim being to find a formula roughly tolerable to both sides. Two months ago, in an attempt to wrong-foot SWAPO diplomatically, the South Africans accepted a Western plan providing for elections and independence before the end of this year. The plan provided for progress to be monitored by a joint civilian/military US force, UNITAG, which would police a cease-fire in Namibia's escalating bush-war.

But the bloody South African raid against the Cassinga refugee camp in southern Angola, and the arrest of several key SWAPO leaders, has provoked SWAPO into saying it will not participate in the Western plan without further concessions. These include tougher powers for the UN transitional force, a firm commitment by the South Africans to give up the port of Walvis Bay, and the removal of all South African troops to Windhoek, to prevent them using the Grootfontein military base for further raids. If South Africa plunges on without any acknowledgment of the changed situation, the result could be full-scale war.

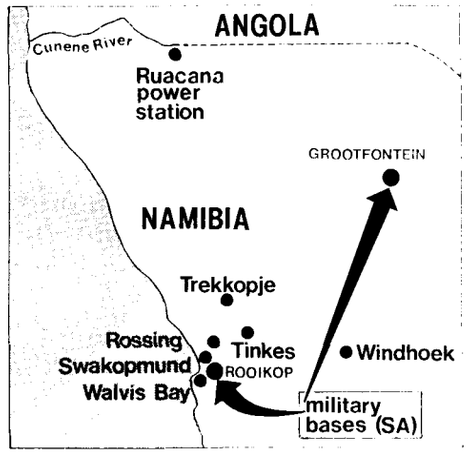
The crucial factor in this complex, but brutal power game is the dominant South African and overseas business stake in the country's extensive natural resources. Beneath the sandy wastes of the Kalahari and Namib deserts lie some of the world's richest deposits of gem diamonds and uranium (see NS 2 June), making a powerful lure for De Beers, Rio Tinto Zinc and similar international mining companies. Namibia is also a source of copper, lead, vanadium, zinc, canned fish, meat and karakul sheep pelts for the fashion trade.

Under South African rule the country has been integrated into the economic structure of the Republic, with economic policy directed almost exclusively to the development of an export-orientated commercial sector, supportive infrastructure and communications. As much as one-third of the currently estimated GDP of £500m flows out of Namibia in the form of repatriated profits and dividends, while although South Africa claims officially to derive no net economic benefit from Namibia, citing the substantial deficits incurred by the railways and postal services, about one-tenth of South Africa's total foreign exchange reserves are provided by Namibian exports commanding high prices on world markets.

Major problems caused by the legacy of economic dependency, including the lack of skilled black manpower, a direct result of the discriminatory educational and labour policies of apartheid, and the absence of a national finance structure, are similar to those faced by many African countries on the eve of independence. Even the lack of indigenous energy sources will be overcome once the Cunene hydro-electric scheme on the Angolan border becomes fully operational. At present, the Angolan Government, which controls the headwaters of the Cunene, Namibia's only perennial river, is refusing to allow the diversion of water to the Ruacana power station just across the Namibian border, in line with its support for SWAPO.

What the white power structure most fears is the installation of a SWAPO Government, whether by election or as a result of a protracted guerrilla war with support from the Cubans in Angola, committed to a radical transformation of the economy, with a substantial element of state ownership to ensure national control of the country's economy. Large sums have reportedly been donated by anxious companies to SWAPO's conservative opponent, the Democratic Turnhalle Alliance which has pledged to retain a free market economy. Although the big mining firms are likely to be left in managerial control of the mines to ensure efficiency and the continued generation of revenue for economic development and diversification, SWAPO has made clear its intention to obtain a significantly larger share of the profits and recast Namibia's colonial era mineral laws, to ensure greater local processing and retention of financial resources inside the country. SWAPO is also committed to the termination of Namibia's notorious 'contract labour' system, a form of migratory labour control which until recently enabled employers to pay little more than starvation wages to the bulk of Namibia's unskilled black labour force, despite 'reforms' made by Pretoria following the national strike by 15,000 workers in 1971.

De Beers, which has mined diamonds from the alluvial deposits along the Namib coast since 1919, earns on average between £50-75m in annual net profits from its Namibian operations. Namibian production, which increased last year from 1.7m to 2m carats, 98% of gem quality, are marketed via the Central Selling Organisation, which displays diamonds to buyers at ten annual 'sights' in London, after sorting in Kimberley. With the rocketing demand for gemstones in the last two years, and price increases of 41% by the CSO in a bid to contain demand, Namibia's output is conservatively valued to be worth £200m, almost half the GDP. Diamonds and base minerals, including the blister copper and refined lead imported by Japan, West Germany and the United States, provide over half the current revenue generated in Namibia, which is rated in terms of value of output, the fourth-largest African mineral exporter after South Africa, Zaire and Zambia.



But uranium is the key to Namibia's strategic importance — the large-scale uranium reserves now being opened up will soon make it a major world energy supplier on the level of Australia, Canada and South Africa itself. The commissioning of the controversial Rossing uranium mine by RTZ in 1976 has stimulated a uranium boom of gold-rush proportions, centred on the arid Swakopmund/Walvis Bay area. Total reserves at the Rossing deposit are at least 300m tons, and the mine's full-rated output of 5,000 tons of uranium oxide a year are expected eventually to yield annual earnings of £100m. Despite a number of serious technical difficulties, mainly related to the difficulties of extracting the uranium, in a unique 'porphyry'-type deposit from its host rock, last year production at Rossing amounted to 3,042 short tons, greater than the output from RTZ's Canadian mines. Most of the uranium has been sold on forward contracts to EEC countries and Japan.

Two further deposits have been located and are regarded as suitable for full-scale production, although in view of the costs of development (Rossing has now cost over £150m) a decision to mine is unlikely to be taken amidst the current political uncertainties. The General Mining/Federale Mynbou group, whose SA holding company includes tobacco tycoon Anton Rupert amongst its main shareholders, has started work on a pilot plant at Langer Heinrich at Tinkes in the Namib Desert Park. Gold-Fields of South Africa, the second largest gold producer after Anglo American, has demarcated what the company refers to as a 'substantial tonnage' of uranium mineralisation at Trekkopje, north-east of Rossing. Other mining companies with major prospecting operations include Anglo American, Johannesburg Consolidated Investments, Falconbridge of Canada, and the French oil company, Total.

The scale of these deposits is far larger than the uranium available as a by-product from gold-mining in South Africa, which has yet to locate a natural uranium find. Hence South Africa's reluctance to decolonise Namibia except on terms which it hopes will enable the maintenance of the economic status quo, and continued access to Namibian resources.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to keep going during the next energy crisis.

It might seem that with North Sea oil, the energy crisis is behind us.

In fact, it's in front of us.

About twenty years away at best, calculate the experts.

Then wells everywhere in the world, including our own, will start to run dry.

The 1977 report of the Workshop on Alternative Energy Strategies, sponsored by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, concluded that "the supply of oil will fail to meet increasing demand before the year 2000, most probably between 1985 and 1995".

A recent Government paper by the Advisory Council on Energy Conservation, came to much the same conclusion.

So Britain has got to develop a transport system that doesn't depend on oil.

Which is one important reason for continuing to electrify our railways.

Electric trains will run on any source of energy: coal, nuclear, gas or oil.

Railway electrification now means we can keep going in the future.

British Rail

The backbone of the nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The tragic cost of Britain's arms trade

We learn this week that the Ministry of Defence is owed some £90m by customers. **Robin Cook** reports on the moral and economic disaster of arms sales.

Two years ago an official at the Foreign Office took me to task for expressing doubts over the supply of counter-insurgency technology to despots such as the Shah of Iran. He professed to find my reservations 'fascinating', but dismissed them to his own satisfaction with the rhetorical question, 'Surely it is better that we should supply the Shah with rubber bullets rather than leave him to disperse riots by machine-guns?'

In early January in Qum, a city noted for its religious fervour, disciples of the exiled Muslim leader, Ayatollah Khomeini, commenced a hunger strike. On the second day of their protest a demonstration by their supporters was suppressed by the military authorities with a brutality that resulted, according to the International Herald Tribune, in as many as 300 fatalities.

For forty days the Muslim world mourned its dead. On February 18th, the fortieth day, a demonstration by sympathisers occurred in Tabriz. It was confronted with part of the Shah's fleet of Chieftain tanks, which is now greater than the British armoured corps.

Every Chieftain is fitted with the standard NATO 7.62 mm General Purpose Machine Gun. The Ministry of Defence also offers foreign clients the optional extra of a second machine gun for the tank commander. The first squadron to enter Tabriz was from the local division and apparently refused to fire its General Purpose Machine Guns: it was replaced by a division which was less nice in its scruples. One letter since received in Britain states that the correspondent counted over 400 dead in one part of the city alone and over 800 wounded in the city hospital. Photographs have appeared in the Iranian underground press of relatives beseiging government offices for news of those who disappeared during the demonstration.

This tale suggests two salutary lessons. First, the tactics of minimum force with which democracies respond to civil unrest are wholly irrelevant in regimes which are held in place by force, and which invariably resort to the most brutal method of crushing dissent. Secondly, whatever the external threat by which their purchase was justified, arms imports are far more likely to be used by such regimes against their own people than their neighbours.

Both points are of crucial importance to Britain's arms exports, which now overwhelmingly supply the needs of some of the world's least likeable governments. Indeed the catalogue of equipment available from the Defence Sales Office now dwells heavily on their suitability for security applications as tested in Ulster. The section on protective clothing is actually illustrated with the help of two London coppers who are shown 'using their SA.12 polycarbonate riot shields'. The puff for the Shoreland armoured car emphasises its use 'by the British Army for internal security duties' and GKN promise that their AT105 armoured personnel carrier is 'particularly well suited for internal security requirements'.

The burgeoning demand for the weapons of repression has reduced our dependence on orders from actual belligerents, but the fact that individual arms sales are determined on a 'case by case' basis means that Britain has been able to arm impartially both sides to most conflicts. At the time of the Indo Pakistan war of 1965, 25 per cent of the Pakistani air force and 70 per cent of the Indian air force were composed of British warplanes: the entire navies of both sides, with the exception of a solitary submarine, were of British origin.

Cover of a glossy MoD brochure: do they offer to clean blood off the tracks?

More recently we have played our full part in the periodic restocking of the Middle East combatants. In 1974, during the restocking which followed the Yom Kippur War, we landed an order from Egypt to supply the Sea-King Helicopter, primarily designed for hunting submarines which they can attack by depth-charge or missile. *In the same year* we also sold to the Israelis the SLAM missile system, a version of the Short Blowpipe specially adapted by Vickers for submarine use and which is primarily designed to blast out of the sky any helicopter in the area.

The current sale of Hawk aircraft to Indonesia is particularly disturbing as the purchasing regime is not only repressive but actually at war on two fronts: in East Timor where perhaps a sixth of the population has been slaughtered in Indonesia's continuing efforts to consolidate its invasion of 1975; and in West Papua where it confronts an indigenous liberation movement. At a recent meeting of the NEC Fred Mulley sought to defend the sale on the ingenious ground that the Hawk is only a trainer aircraft. Mr Mulley's salesmen provide a different definition. Their current catalogue enters the Hawk as a 'ground attack/trainer aircraft' and explicitly states 'For other countries . . . a dual version of the Hawk able to carry a weapon load of 2,550 kg (5,600 lbs) is being developed'. No-one need pretend that such a plane will not have a devastating potential against secessionist movements who have no air cover of their own.

The Defence Sales catalogue provides all kinds of tempting suggestions. The Hunting Engineering company, for example, advises the cost-conscious reader that 'a cluster bomb, capable of scattering a large number of dual-function bomblets over one target area, would be many times more effective' and guarantees that their BL755 cluster bomb has 'a high kill probability against a range of small hard and soft targets encountered in the battlefield' – i.e. people.

An official of British Aerospace greeted the 'superb news' of the Indonesian contract with the comment 'It is an important breakthrough into the South East Asian market, *which is one of great potential*, (my emphasis). A rare glimpse of how such a break-through can be achieved was provided by the recent trial of Lt-Colonel Randel. A serving officer attached to the Defence Sales Office, he was convicted in January of handling bribes in connection with the Iranian contract for radios to fit their Chieftain tanks. The payments had come from the successful contender, one of the Racal group, which had enjoyed close relations from the start with the Defence Sales Office. Denis Healey picked the founder and Chairman of Racal, Sir Raymond Brown, as first head of the Defence Sales Office.

The most fascinating aspect of the trial was the nature of the Racal executives' defence. They claimed such behaviour was a necessary condition of the arms trade and that the real sin of Colonel Randel was in pocketing some of the moneys for which he merely was meant to be a channel. The defence even produced Sir Lester Suffield, Sir Raymond's successor at Defence Sales Office, who obligingly testified that the original order of the tanks had only been won by payment of one million pounds to the British agent, Shapoor Reporter, who subsequently had a knighthood thrown in by a grateful British government. A month after the trial one of the few arms salesmen still operating

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

outside the global network of government-to-government contracts, Sam Cummings of Interarms, pithily observed, 'If I ever tried to sell arms the way governments sell arms, I'd end up in a jail forever'.

Successive directors of Defence Sales have consistently refused to be drawn on any of these ethical questions, excusing themselves with the observation that they are matters for government to determine. Unfortunately government has never attempted to answer these questions. When cornered, it has sought to redefine the debate by appealing to the *realpolitik* interests of foreign influence or economic advantage. Yet even on those terms it is by no means clear that our present profligacy with arms export licences can be justified.

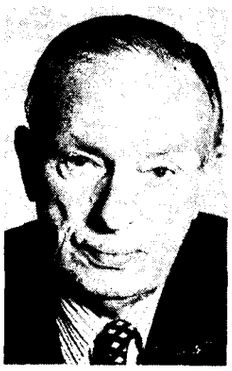
In the past, moral anxieties about Western participation in the arms trade were dismissed with the brusque assertion that if we did not do it the Soviets would rush into the vacuum. This argument can now only be heard *sotto voce*, if at all, for the very good reason that our arms exports have so outstripped those from the East that there is just no way the Russians could attempt to take over our commitments if we ever decided to pull out. Between 1966 and 1974 NATO's share of world military exports expanded from 52.5% to 64.7%, whilst that of the Warsaw Pact dwindled from 42.5% to 29.3%. Whoever has been fuelling the acceleration of the arms trade, the figures would not support any attempt to blame it all on the Reds.

Brave attempts are now being made to establish that arms exports are on the side of peace because they give the suppliers power to restrain the recipients from going off and actually using the weaponry.

In a desperate attempt to substantiate this claim, the US Arms Control and Disarmament Agency last year reported to Congress that US export policy was instrumental in 'snuffing out' local conflict between Mali and Upper Volta in 1975. As these countries between them imported from the US arms worth less than a quarter of a million dollars in the preceding decade, they provide a fragile foundation for a general hypothesis, and regrettably all other empirical evidence fails to support it. When the Egyptians had been brought to a state of war-readiness by the Soviets in 1972 they neatly removed any threat of constraint by ordering every Russian technician out of the country. We ourselves singularly failed to persuade the Nigerian Government to show restraint in the closing stages of the Biafran War and it is now clear that their success was partly the product of substantial British arms shipments.

The foreign policy consequences of the modern arms trade are further complicated by the support systems of sophisticated weapons which increasingly demand highly skilled technical staff to service them. Generally, the technicians have to be supplied by the exporting country. The presence of large numbers of its nationals in the purchasing state constrains the exporting country and leaves it distressingly vulnerable to becoming entramelled in any conflict for which these support services are required.

There are currently some 700 British Aerospace employees in Saudi Arabia. They have created from scratch the entire infrastructure of a Saudi air force, which still depends upon them for all significant maintenance. In any war in the immediate future the Lightnings with which we have equipped the Saudi air force could complete only two or three sorties before requiring the attention of a British mechanic employed by a nationalised industry. Allegedly British civilians have clear instructions to refuse to service the planes in such circumstances. As we apparently cannot protect them from being flogged in peacetime it is not clear how we would oblige the Saudis to respect their neutrality in time of war. Ironically the most likely opponent in such a conflict would be Iran, where thousands of British technicians and advisers would be confronted with a similar dilemma – particularly as to whether they serviced the Rapier anti-aircraft missile launches in order to shoot down the incoming Lightnings.



Sir Lester Suffield: as head of the Defence Sales Office, he testified in court that the order of tanks for Iran had only been won by payment of £1m. to the British agent, Shapoor Reporter, subsequently knighted by a grateful British government.

The claim that arms exports confer a unique form of economic advantage is equally difficult to substantiate. Until this week the only hard figures available were those revealed last year by the public accounts committee while examining the export books of the Royal Ordnance Factories. They discovered that out of £206 millions of contracts concluded in the previous year only £19 millions promised to make a real profit; £58 millions looked like breaking even, while £129 millions had been struck below their 'full economic cost'. True, the ministry *believed* that every sale had covered the marginal costs of production but their belief was rather discredited when the committee unearthed that the fixed percentages by which variable overheads were calculated had not been revised for ten years.

Clearly there was nothing here that could be recognised as a return on capital and the chairman of the committee was driven to observe 'If you were a commercial manufacturer, I think that you would be wondering whether this was a business that you ought to be in at all'. The reason why commercial manufacturers are not more often forced to ponder that very question is that their historic costs of research and development are frequently met by the defence budget, or failing that are paid off in full by the price of the first domestic procurement. Thus any foreign sale which covers the marginal costs of production will be

'For Arabs the essence of the tragedy is the feeling of being deprived of your country in the name of the highest principles of Western civilisation'
Walid Khalidi, Palestinian historian

'We are fighting for our right to live in one spot of the earth, after having been destroyed in Europe'
Yitzhak Ben-Aharon, Kibbutz founder, labour leader

Palestine

three 90-minute films from Thames Television on the tragic decades that gave birth to Israel.

10.30 Tuesdays on ITV. 4 July: Programme 2, *Rebellion*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Schermuly have developed the 1.5in. system of riot control stores to meet the needs of police and internal security forces, using CS with baton rounds as control agents. These stores have been proven effective under actual service conditions . . .' *Sales brochure copy from Schermuly Ltd., High Post, Salisbury, Wiltshire.*

profitable to the company even if it is not economic for the nation.

In theory, where the ministry has made a direct contribution to the research and development costs of a weapon, it subsequently can claim a slice of the profit from any foreign sales. Yet in the last financial year total income from foreign arms deals reached £800 millions and only £22 millions (2.75 per cent) found its way to the government through the Commercial Exploitation Levy. One explanation for the modest nature of this revenue is to be found in the Report for 1975-76 of the Comptroller and Auditor General who revealed some novel approaches to commercial practice within the Procurement Executive.

For instance in February 1973 Westland Helicopters agreed to pay levy on a sale of Sea King Helicopters at the rate of 5 per cent of contract price. By August 1974 Westland had discovered that the rate of profit on the deal was depressingly low and made a fresh approach to the ministry who obligingly agreed to a profit-sharing arrangement which in effect cut the government's take from £700,000 to £53,000.

Air Chief Marshall Sir Douglas Lowe was brutally frank to the public accounts committee about the basic reason for revising the agreement: 'If we had been rather tough about this, we would have left him with only one per cent profit on the deal, which was clearly not enough even to service his capital, and it would have put him in a very difficult position, which would have affected his defence work for us.' One could not hope for a clearer illustration of how the two parts of the military-industrial complex connive for their mutual benefit at the expense of the public purse.

This week the public accounts committee has widened the scope of available literature with the publication of a report on the delay in collecting payments for exports from the Royal Ordnance Factories or military training in client states. Their enquiries have revealed that throughout 1976 foreign debts to the ministry deteriorated rapidly and by December of that year stood at £87 millions, much of which had been outstanding for over nine months. The Comptroller and Auditor General has advised the committee that the loss of working capital arising from these delays places an annual penalty on public expenditure equivalent to 'some £8 millions'.

None of this is to deny that there are certain benefits to the economy from arms sales such as an increase in employment and its contribution to the balance of payments. Given the scale of our investment in the armaments industry it would be odd indeed if there was absolutely nothing to show for it. The real question is whether the same investment might not produce greater gains if it were applied to other forms of production, and there is a growing body of evidence that investment in almost anything else would yield a better return than armaments. In particular the civilian sectors of the major defence industries such as heavy vehicles and mechanical engineering, all export a much higher proportion of their output than the armament sectors of the same industries and any shift from military to civilian production within these industries can be expected to increase exports and expand employment.

Kurt Rothschild has noted that states which spend heavily on armaments appear to be less successful in the export of machinery and vehicles. As the table demonstrates, the top five spenders on defence include four states who are among the bottom five in performance on export of machinery and vehicles. As these have been the most dynamic sectors of the export market the handicap of a large armaments industry on such exports tends to hinder growth of the wider economy. Thus the UK and the US, who both spend most on armaments production, have recorded the poorest rates of growth, while Japan and Austria, who have spent least, have achieved two of the most successful growth rates.

Economic considerations would appear to reinforce rather than undermine the ethical and political case for scaling down our commitment to the arms trade. What then must we do? A first step would be to respond, albeit belatedly, to President Carter's initiatives on control of the arms trade. Admittedly those initiatives now appear much tarnished with the passage of time. Carter's central commitment was that arms sales in 1978 would not exceed the level of 1977 but in the event this ceiling is unlikely to prove much of a constraint, as the Pentagon conveniently discovered a bookkeeping error which raised the figures for that year by $1.4 billions and strained the credulity of an American public who were asked to believe that 14 per cent of total sales had been entered in the wrong column of the ledger. Other commitments have already been breached. The second point of Carter's programme pledged the US not to introduce into a region advanced weapon systems which could create a higher combat capability, but this is precisely what has been created by the recent sale of F-15 fighters to Saudi Arabia, a contract which is doubly cynical as Carter must know the Saudi Air Force already has severe difficulty in finding pilots who can fly the much simpler F-5.

Yet if President Carter has been obliged to modify his programme it has been at least partly because he did not receive a shred of support from the international community for a policy which encountered powerful domestic opponents. Britain could increase the probability of his commitments being honoured by confirming that we are prepared to submit to international controls and in the meantime by accepting the same unilateral restraints as the US. The principal of these would be a financial ceiling on exports to ensure that the case-by-case examination of individual sales was not wholly open ended. Almost equally important would be a ban on co-production agreements by which not just weapons but the technology of their manufacture is transferred to other states. The Defence Sales Office is now making something of a speciality of co-production agreements and is busily founding new military-industrial complexes in Third World states such as Egypt and India. Whatever the dubious advantages to Britain of these deals, the disruptive effect of grafting such an industry on to the economy of a developing nation will be almost entirely negative. It would also be nice if some consideration, however perfunctory, could be given to the human rights policy of prospective clients before we supply the technology which can extinguish those rights.

Since Hiroshima arms control negotiations have been dominated by the manifest desirability of capping the nuclear arms race, and only fitful attention has been paid to the parallel proliferation both in quantity and quality of conventional weaponry. Yet such weapons have accounted for by far the greater part of the growth in world military expenditure and every war of the past three decades has been fought in poor countries with conventional arms supplied by rich countries. Labour got Britain into this sordid trade in a really big way by ordering the Defence Sales Office in 1966 'to ensure that this country does not fail to secure its *rightful* share of this valuable commercial market'. It would help make amends if Labour were to start us on the first few steps towards getting out of it.

Are arms sales good for the economy?

It is generally assumed that 'defence' expenditure is related to economic growth and indeed it is. Inversely this table gives the relevant ranking of OECD nations and shows that the UK ranks second highest in military spending, yet has the lowest growth of exports and GNP.

	Military expenditure 1967-70	Growth of exports 1956-70	Growth of real per capita GNP 1956-70
USA	1	13	13
UK	2	14	13
France	3	6	5
Sweden	4	8	8
Germany	5	3	6
Holland	6	4	8
Norway	7	10	10
Belgium	8	5	8
Italy	8	2	2
Denmark	10	12	3
Canada	10	9	13
Switzerland	12	7	11
Austria	13	11	4
Japan	14	1	1

'Military Expenditure, Exports and Growth' by Kurt W. Rothschild. Kyklos Vol. xxvi, 1973.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anti Nazi League

EMERGENCY APPEAL!

ANL offices after fire: police found 'NF rules OK' slogan on wall

■These are the offices of the Anti Nazi League after they had been deliberately set on fire. Tens of thousands of leaflets, brochures and pamphlets have been destroyed. Extensive damage has been caused to the building itself. The cost of this act of arson will run into thousands of pounds.

■This is not the only incident of violence. The Anti Nazi League organiser in High Wycombe, a busman, received a parcel bomb. Threatening phone-calls to the League's organisers are commonplace. Meetings have been broken up: in one, a smoke bomb was thrown; at another three people were put in hospital after being attacked with wooden clubs. The level of racial assaults and harrassment continues to rise. In East London, three black people, one a ten year old boy — have died as a result of murderous racialist attacks.

■The rising incidence of racialist violence is we believe the result of one thing — a growing determination by large numbers of people to stop the growth of Britain's new Nazis — the National Front.

■There was the 80,000 strong Anti Nazi Carnival in April.

■Trade Unionists, school students, women's groups are organising against Nazi infiltration

■No longer can Nazi candidates put forward their racialist poison unopposed.

■Anti racists everywhere are organising to stop the Nazi NF.

■In the local elections in May the Nazis suffered humiliating set-backs.

■The Anti Nazi League, together with anti racist committees up and down the country, has played its part in building up this movement.

■Now the Nazis are becoming worried. So they are turning to violence and intimidation to silence the Anti Nazi League. They dare not put forward their Nazi beliefs in public. Instead they resort to cowardly attacks by night or in the dark alley.

■In the coming General Election the National Front are putting up at least 350 candidates. Their racialist propaganda will be everywhere. They must be opposed.

■The Nazis want to close the ANL down.

■They must not succeed. Our campaign against the Nazis needs to go on, getting bigger and stronger. To do this we need money urgently.

■Please give now!

TO: Emergency Appeal, Anti-Nazi League
P.O. Box 151 London WC2.

YOUR HELP IS NEEDED NOW

I enclose a donation for the Emergency Appeal
[payable to "Anti-Nazi League"]
£

Name Phone

Address

STOP THE NAZI NATIONAL FRONT!

Anti Nazi League

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laurence Stern: Schizophrenia in Jimmy Carter's Washington

Washington –

At times during the past few months the foreign policy grapplings of the Carter administration in Africa seemed like an Evelyn Waugh plot. Were it not for the deadly consequences of the affair, there would have been a slapstick quality to the spectacle of colliding superpower, tribal interests and Cuban complications in the improbable cockpit of Zaïre's Shaba province, with a final gallop by the French Foreign Legion.

Washington itself now lies under monsoon clouds of theoretical confusion over the Carter administration's view of the current ethnic and territorial conflicts in Africa and their relationship to East-West Global priorities.

At the start of June, the administration was pursuing a steadily hardening line against Soviet and Cuban involvement in Angola, the Horn of Africa and the fragile negotiations for achieving majority rule in Southern Africa. President Carter found himself, largely through his own fault, in a contretemps by press conference and television interview with Fidel Castro on the issue of Cuban responsibility for the Katangan invasions of Zaïre. A senior presidential aide complained to reporters: 'Why is it that a general statement from the American government is not believed and a general statement from the Cuban government is not questioned at all?'

In the course of recent weeks the President and his bumptious National Security Advisor, Zbigniew Brzezinski, have sternly signalled Moscow that the strategic arms negotiations could become a hostage to Soviet and Cuban efforts to influence events in Africa. While disavowing the Kissingerian doctrine of 'linkage' in Washington's dealings with the Soviet Union, the President and Brzezinski have been busily fabricating links in practice.

We now have a respite from the hard line, evidenced when Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, in two consecutive appearances on 19 and 20 June, struck a strikingly conciliatory note toward the Angolan government and hinted at the dictatorial disarray that has been the hallmark of President Mobutu Sese Seko's rule in Zaïre. 'Increased economic aid to Zaïre without internal economic reforms would be fruitless,' said Vance. '. . . Until there is broader participation in the political life of Zaïre, it will be difficult to achieve real stability.'

Vance's 19 June appearance was before the House International Relations Committee in response to a letter from that body complaining of 'confusion and doubt' about US foreign policy resulting from the zigs and zags of the administration's public utterances. During the Secretary's appearance the committee's chairman, Dante Fascell (Democrat, of Florida) uttered the question that has become central here in recent weeks: 'Who's got the President's right ear?'

The White House has been persistently denying any serious foreign policy division within the Administration, blaming the press and subordinate officials for exaggerating differences of approach into an impression of civil war. These protestations, however, belie the intensities of conflict which have boiled within the foreign policy bureaucracy.

Probably the most vivid expression of the split was the President's 7 June commencement day speech at the US Naval Academy at Annapolis. The first half of the speech, drafted from a Vance memorandum, stressed the primacy of a Strategic Arms Limitation treaty and the pursuit of détente. The second half, reflecting Brzezinski's themes, was a bristling attack on the Soviet Union with the President finally throwing down the challenge of 'confrontation or cooperation' to the Soviet Union – tougher words than have been heard from the White House for many years.

Senior Government specialists in Soviet affairs, both hard and soft liners, afterwards saw the temperature of relations between Washington and Moscow plummeting toward a new Ice Age. Their assessment seemed to be confirmed by a Pravda commentary last weekend, apparently having the imprimatur of official review at the highest level in the Kremlin. Pravda took a severely bleak view of the policies currently being articulated in the American President's name.

> In April, the Administration was ready to arm Neto's enemies: in June, it was asking him for help.

The battle lines in the current foreign policy hostilities in Washington run across governmental boundaries. For Vance's position with its emphasis on SALT and on divorcing regional disputes from global confrontation rhetoric, there is a strong constituency among the African specialists in the state department, congressional leaders in foreign affairs and members of the official arms control community. Brzezinski's strength is centred in the National Security Council staff, which he heads; but his hawkish stance on US-Soviet relations has broad, bipartisan appeal in the political world.

White House popular opinion soundings have reportedly brought back worried perceptions of the United States being pushed around in Africa by Soviet – and Cuban – sponsored forces. For a Democratic administration only a year away now from the formal re-election campaign, such omens might well influence the tone, if not the substance, of foreign policy.

White House concern over its credibility in pressing the case for Cuban complicity is understandable in an administration which came to power advertising openness and veracity as its salient virtues. But the public doubts that have emerged in Congress and, for that matter, in the press, spring from the Carter White House's own campaign to win public acceptance of its claims.

On 25 May the president announced that 'we believe that Cuba had known of the Katangan plan to invade and obviously did nothing to restrain them from crossing the border.' Two-and-a-half weeks later Castro announced at a Havana press conference that it was he who informed Lyle F. Lane, the ranking US Diplomat in Havana, at their March 17 meeting, that he had known in advance of the Katangan invasion plans and sought to intervene directly with the President of Angola Agostinho Neto to discourage the attack on Zaïre.

The White House was pressed to explain why it failed to disclose that Castro himself was the source of the President's allegations that Cuba had advance knowledge, and why it had not also made public the Cuban President's assertion that he opposed the invasion. The administration replied lamely that it did not believe Castro was telling the truth, at least on the second point.

There was another episode that served to tarnish the administration's case on Capitol Hill. Late in April, Stansfield Turner, the CIA director, paid a visit to Sen. Dick Clark (Democrat of Iowa) with a plan to give covert arms assistance to the American-backed Unita faction opposing Neto in Angola as a means of tying down the Cubans there. Clark, the author of a legislative restriction to prevent the Ford-Kissinger administration from doing precisely the same thing in 1975, protested that Turner's plan was now illegal and refused to acquiesce. The scheme was disclosed in the press three weeks after the overture to Clark and apparently abandoned.

On 20 June, ironically, a senior member of the US mission to the United Nations, Don McHenry, was dispatched to Luanda for what were described as 'bilateral' discussions with Neto.

In effect, the administration was ready secretly to arm Neto's opponents in April, and in June was initiating negotiations with him designed to stabilize relations between Zaïre and Angola.

So far the President, in dealing with the sharply etched conflicts among his foreign policy managers, has sought to encompass the contradictions rather than resolve them. This, fundamentally, is the reason for the fluctuating signals emanating from Washington which are sowing confusion – as some here view it, dangerous confusion – among allies and adversaries alike. When the President does cease to revolve, which way will he be facing?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Westminster Diary

☐ The ways of the Home Office are weird, but from time to time little clues pop up which go some way towards explaining their behaviour. I have always been puzzled why Merlyn Rees last year deported not only Philip Agee but Mark Hosenball as well – a misguided piece of idiocy which led to the present second phase of harassment against *Time Out* journalists (and now, under our new editorship, even those on the NS). So I was fascinated to read the other day a forthcoming *Penthouse* interview with Miles Copeland (CIA rtd.). Copeland, it will be remembered, is one of that growing band of CIA leakers who was affronted not by the organisation's domestic illegality and foreign interference but by its *failure* to carry out all those crimes of which it has been accused. Copeland is first asked why we deported Agee. 'Fear that the Cubans were going to shoot him here. British security got tired of keeping him under surveillance for his own safety.' Vaguely plausible as an honest CIA/MI5 belief, I suppose, though the Cubans seem to be in no hurry, since he has survived so far. Then Hosenball: 'I would think – I don't know – that he was part of the sweep-out on the basis that *Time Out*, for which Hosenball wrote, has taken funds indirectly from the KGB'. Before my friends on *Time Out* reach for their writs, I should make it clear that the suggestion is a ludicrous one. *Time Out* is an archetypal capitalist enterprise: it recognised a market and exploited it. The story only serves to illuminate the way in which CIA – and conceivably MI5 and Home Office – minds work. Mark Hosenball is now happily working away as an accredited White House journalist and attended our Prime Minister's recent 'Christopher Columbus' press conference in the US; I see Jim is back there this week for his Hubert H. Humphrey Award. Perhaps if he gets the opportunity, Mark could ask him to clarify the matter a little further.

☐ Parliament is currently divesting Britain, in a series of Independence Bills and associated foreign office junketing, of almost all our remaining Pacific islands and atolls. (We cannot think what to do with Pitcairn Island, so we are hanging on to it.) The Solomans and the Ellice Islands (rechristened Tuvalu) go independent this summer, with the Gilbert Islands hard on their heels, if the government can sort out the problem of the Banabans and compensation for the phosphate looted from nearby Ocean Island over the past century. I detect almost as great enthusiasm on the part of our Foreign Office to bid them farewell as there is among the islanders for their new found independence. Their diffidence is understandable. Tuvalu only has a population of 8,000 – a slender power base from which to confront, as a supposed equal, Chinese, Japanese, Americans, Russians and Australians, increasingly anxious to scoop the fish from the hundreds of thousands of square miles of their territorial water, not to mention the minerals beneath it. We are continuing to give them aid for a few years longer; but I suspect they will need some political help from somewhere too. It would be a pity if the Pacific were to become the same sort of super-power playground as Africa is today.

☐ Our final act of disengagement is due next year, when we hand over the Condominium of the New Hebrides, if the French finally agree. It is the most absurd colonialist schizo-bureaucracy in the world, which grinds along at an even slower pace than the EEC. After that, it will be up to the French to pack their bags and leave their last two enclaves – New Caledonia (which they keep for its nickel) and Polynesia (for exploding nuclear – reportedly even neutron – bombs). We and the French shall then leave the Pacific, as we left Africa, to sort out the linguistic apartheid we have bequeathed to it. The whole Pacific is a fascinating microcosm of EEC rivalry – with the Brits, through their protestant missionary links, strong on political virtues and the French strong on economic ones. In terms of cultural influence, however, the French are vastly superior, and I suspect it has something to do with our respective ancestors' sexual taste: among the ruling elite of their colonies which have dutifully opted for French-linked 'autonomy' rather than full independence, there are few who cannot proudly trace a *fonctionnaire* for a grandfather: *our* missionary grandparents simply did not do that sort of thing. The recent French proposal for a cultural clause in the next Lomé Convention was largely an attempt to consolidate this innate Francophone loyalty throughout the world; I am glad it has been frustrated.

☐ To an excellent lunch to celebrate 20 years of that comfortable mafia, the Parliamentary Press Gallery. Michael Foot as honoured guest. After a rivetting discourse in which he neatly tied Giacomo Mateotti, Airey Neave, Saatchi and Saatchi and Sir John Simon into the same coherent historical parable, he told a tale of fatherly advice from the Second World War. Having acquainted his father Isaac with the news of a new-found friendship with Leslie Hore-Belisha, his sitting Tory opponent, he received the warning: 'I hope you didn't promise a clean campaign'. Mr Neave's prognostications of a Gestapo socialist Britain have already echoed Churchill's smear in 1945 and promise an equally mucky election. What Michael seemed to be saying was: 'Don't start anything, because we can mix it better than you can'. He made a point from his own Devonport campaign on that occasion. Hore-Belisha had been to Rome just before the war and come back with a medal from *Il Duce*. 'Where's your Mussolini medal?' was the slogan which swept Michael to Parliament in 1945. I hope we are not heading for a dirty campaign in October, but if we are, I cannot see how Thatcher will succeed where Churchill failed. Already at question time twice a week, she sounds like nothing so much as a nagging mother-in-law, henpecking away at an honest, hard-working breadwinner. She would be far better advised to do a little more globe-trotting and cultivate the diplomatic image. Muckraking will just drag her down to her own natural level.

☐ That hardy annual, the Boyle Committee on Top Salaries, is upon us again – apparently recommending 70 per cent pay rises for some top public servants. The suspense is unbearable. Will the permanent secretaries be held down to a measly £18,800 once again? I can never see what the argument is all about. Do those few hundred after-tax pounds in their pockets make for wittier memos, more incisive decisions, that extra half hour at the office to polish up a White Paper to perfection? If we gave them parity with industry and paid them £137,000 like Sir Arthur Bryan of Wedgwood, would all Britain's problems be solved? I am a deep sceptic about financial incentives to elderly, rich men: I hope all Jim Callaghan's puritan instincts come welling up, as they have done already over the prospective loot for our new European MPs, and he cuts them down to size. He may not be quite so successful with the new Euro-parliamentarian salaries. Britain is the last bastion of puritanism in Europe, and his continental colleagues in the Council of Ministers will be puzzled by his strong feelings about the virtues of poverty in politics. But he has made it an issue of principle and given his word that the elections cannot go ahead until Britain agrees the new salary levels. It will be very difficult to reach agreement. Who knows, it might be necessary to put them off for just one more year.

☐ I see Jimmy Carter has developed a new argument to persuade Congress to lift its embargo against arms sales to Turkey. After prayers one recent Sunday, he announced that God wanted arms sales to be resumed. Though he did not specify whether the Almighty was speaking in His capacity as Jehovah or Allah, it is a useful hot line to have available. Who does God want for Zimbabwe? Mugabe or Muzorewa? Thatcher or Callaghan in October? The desire of all politicians to be on the side of the angels is so great that this is clearly a new secret political weapon worth developing.

Christopher Price

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard

☐ Magistrates should not, in my opinion, fine vandals who put public phones out of order. Instead, they should order that the vandals' favourite possession, worth up to £100, be brought into court and publicly smashed to bits. This practical demonstration would help the vandal to understand the concept of pointless destruction. – *Cambridge Evening News* (R. G. Hume)

This World

☐ A portly matron in a double-knit pants suit struggled to the high point of the Acropolis and clinched her companion's arm 'Oh, look', she cried out, pointing dramatically. 'From here you can see the Hilton.' – *International Herald Tribune*. (Badalia Herodsfoot)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Unfolding My Potential

I have a complaint to make about Wimbledon. I am not of course referring to the delightful town of Wimbledon in bosky SW 19, as neat and tidy a section of suburbia as you could wish to find and boasting that fine common on which the dried-out Swinburne was wont to walk, admiring babies in prams, all fire gone and those disciplinary ladies in St John's Wood, Miss Birch and Miss Whackett, just a happy memory. My squabble lies with the tennis courts and concerns the ever increasing amount of time it takes the players to serve the ball and get the thing on the move. The preliminaries are a sort of ritual. The serving player on his or her way to the line hits the ball up and down with his racquet, then seizes it, looks thoughtful, bends forward and slowly bounces the wretched spheroid, ruining its nap, up and down (five ups and downs is perfectly normal, and I have counted as many as eight). This procedure is a relative novelty, idiotically copied by nearly all (like football players kissing and clambering over each other), and one that the world's greatest performers, Tilden and Lenglen, would have scoffed at. On a slightly lower level of the game, if one had bounced at Berkshire tennis-parties in the 20s there would have been raised eyebrows and cold shoulders, with invitations decreasing in frequency.

Then, after the bouncing there comes the first power-packed swoosh and bang, the hurried scamper to the net, the cry of 'fault', the pouting and wounded look at the linesman, the dejected trudge back to the base-line, the extraction of the second ball (rather unattractively hot and moist, I would have thought) from the pocket of the steamy shorts. Then another lot of dreary bouncings before another swoosh and bang (how clever Master Connors *grunts*!). And why a second ball at all, may I enquire? Golfers driving off from the tee and hooking into the clump of conifers to the left of the green, don't get another shot. At soccer, a penalty-taker seeking to drive, power or strike the ball into the net (the verb 'to kick' seems to have become, for commentators, a dirty word, except perhaps when the players kick each other) and miserably failing, doesn't kick again. There is no second serve either at badminton or ping-pong, so why in tennis? There is, after all, no second chance in Life.

Or is there? Late in the day, I'm toying with the idea of trying to embellish my personality, the suggestion having been put into my head by our kind literary editor who, tactfully feeling that something was needed, has pushed my way a new book called *Let Yourself Grow* (sub-title, 'Fifty-six ways to self-realisation', which makes just one fewer than Heinz). It is the work of thoughtful Christopher Markert, born in Germany but now in the USA, where the appetite for such personal investigations seems endless. The publisher, Wildwood House, brings it to us at £5.95 a time.

The book deals, tremendously seriously, with three states of mind, the problematic (A), the unfolding (B) and the integrated (C) and the general idea seems to be to scoot as rapidly as possible through A and B and reach C, where all is peace and integration and fulfilment. An alarming example reveals the desirability of C. 'You sit in a park and try to sort out some inner conflict (you are in state A). Suddenly a mad dog attacks you and you have to fight or flee immediately. The dog will not wait until you have reached inner harmony (state C), which would enable you to deal with him in the most realistic way. Your attitude at the moment may be problem-prone . . .' Say no more. It is indeed. A 'mad' dog surely implies hydrophobia, requiring instant evasive action and to hell with the ruminations of state A. Personally, I'm going to jump right up on that park seat, kick at Rover with cries of 'Shoo!' and jab away with my umbrella. Would this quite qualify as state C? I do hope so.

Mr Markert is not above putting a question or two that, in other contexts, might be considered impertinent. 'Do you enjoy a warm and friendly atmosphere in your 'nest', without disturbing noises, harsh lighting, sharp and cold objects, or disconcerting odours?' Well, as to odours, 'Myrtlebank' sits happily in what is basically rich farming country and farmer Bricknell's sheep obligingly come and keep the grass down in my orchard, occasionally forgetting themselves in a rather elaborate and plentiful manner though I do not find this natural process in the smallest way disconcerting.

When we get down to the 56 varieties of behaviour, things really start humming. Every listed subject has a helpful section called 'Unfolding your full potential'. Take, for example, the matter of 'Dignity'. Here there is an immediate challenge. 'Can you add more graciousness to your everyday life? Perhaps dine elegantly with friends.' Certainly. I shall unfold my potential by inviting the Bultitudes and Miss Entwhistle and, in the glow of candle-light, dazzle them with starched napkins and asparagus tongs and finger-bowls and silver bonbonnieres crammed with Black Magic. After elegant fish fingers and gracious packet blancmange, what then? 'Surround yourself,' the good book proceeds, 'with beautiful objects – sea shells in water, fragments of natural marble, antique garments from more gracious times.' My Cousin Madge is a great hoarder and is bound to have trunkloads of assorted antique garments tucked away somewhere. Perhaps I can rout out an old wedding-dress or a nighty from the nineties and drape it casually over a chair, weighted down with fragments of natural marble. The only trouble here is that Giles Bultitude, flushed with my elegant and gracious all-purpose table wine, can be guaranteed to enliven the warm and friendly atmosphere by putting on the antique garment and doing a funny dance in it, while Bunty screams 'Isn't he *killing*!'

On we press with further challenges. Refinement ('Why not let your clothes reflect your more refined state of mind?'). Here I am on firm ground. Those of my clothes that do not come from the Army & Navy Stores are purchased in Marks & Spencer, both of them establishments so chock-a-block with refinement that further struggle is needless. Then there is Contentment ('Avoid hasty body movements'). No problem at all here. Joggers may jog but this, I realise, is not for me, and quite enough of me jogs up and down as it is. Humour ('A certain nonchalance is not out of place. Let those legs be a little jaunty.') I've been practising this, hurling myself nonchalantly down into chairs and flinging one leg jauntily over the other, laughing merrily. Perhaps I'll get the hang of it later on. Fantasy ('Have you learnt to dance through the day?'). Certainly not and I don't intend to. Enterprise ('Friends may sense your lack of pep'). Here again there is a hint of impertinence. My friends, not always all that peppy themselves, are far too kind to sense any such thing.

And finally, Adaptability ('Now is the time to let your hair down. Relax with others in informal surroundings and in unplanned situations'). This can only mean a pyjama-cum-cocktail party in the Bultitudes' sauna, sharing a *banquette* with Mrs Mountjoy. Perhaps, on second thoughts, I'll just let my personality remain as it is – undignified, unenterprising and certainly

Roger Woddis

After the Massacre

These are the gobbets we relish,
the appetising items from the bill of fare
that make us rub our distended eyes
and tabloid editors their sweaty hands.
They go well with our outraged decencies
and the breakfast marmalade.

All the elements are there
of a really good story, the hellish
details so lovingly reported,
the murder of innocents, the sliced
babies, rape and death-distorted
bodies, and as a savoury extra
a forgiving Christ.

Best of all, we can talk of black animals,
which fits in neatly with our
private fantasies
and meets our public ends.

We need such a timely episode
to fortify our doubts.
Facts only get in the way of belief.
Come, let us lower our heads in grief
and raise a monument in gratitude

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Ruling the waves

Sir, I appreciate the courteous tone of Mr Alex Eadie's defence of the Government's rate of expenditure on wave energy (Letters 23 June) but the White Paper, to which I did refer in my article (NS 9 June) makes it plain that the new allocation of money will be for 'continued development' on lines already taken and for continued one-tenth scale trials. There is no suggestion of increasing the pace or the scale. In April last year, the sum was £2.5m.; this June it is £2.9m. minus the £300,000 going to the International Energy Agency. For those engaged in wave energy, on the ground and in the water, there will be no change of speed.

What is worse, there is an emphatic statement that progress will be subject to annual reviews, so long-term planning will be impossible. Contrast this with the Japanese who have a seven-year programme with $39.5m. (about £22m.) allocated to one device. Some of our experimenters had been hoping for £25m. this year for our four devices, and even that would have been inadequate.

The White Paper contains the appalling statement that the Government intends 'a single device to be identified as quickly as possible, on which resources could then be concentrated.' This would apparently happen in 1981 or 1982. I challenge Mr Eadie to name a single leading figure engaged in wave energy development who would support this. Even those inventors who believe that their own device is the best would not dream of saying that all their competitors should be denied Government support. Different devices may prove more suitable for different sea conditions. Unsuspected problems may make the most promising projects less attractive than their less-efficient rivals. The White Paper, if it goes through as firm policy, will be the death blow to 80 per cent of the people engaged in the programme. What would be our situation now if we had taken a similar one-shot plunge on ZETA? We would be going to bed by candlelight.

Mr Benn said in Parliament that it was the state of the technologies involved which was limiting progress and Mr Eadie repeats this. I dispute it. If bombs were falling on the Middle East oilfields, and the Common Market countries were demanding a share of our oil and coal, there would be no difficulty in finding the money to build full-scale wave energy plants and the engineers and scientists would be able to meet the challenge. Must we wait for a crisis to break before we end our own war on fossil fuels and our increasing drift towards a nuclear-based economy?

DAVID ROSS

55 Ruskin Park House
Champion Hill SE5

The tax rebels

Sir, I thank Alexander Cockburn for his information on the pedigree of Californian tax rebel Howard Jarvis (NS 23 June): 'a paid director of a landlords' association'. *The Times* told us a fortnight ago that Jarvis' partner, Mr Gann, was a 'property developer' (i.e. speculator) and now the economic motivation behind Proposition 13 becomes clear.

Property taxes have two component parts: taxes on improvement value (on houses, offices, factories) and taxes on land value. Unfortunately the two are seldom separated analytically and when a rise in 'property' values causes a rise in property taxes, people imagine their houses, factories and offices are rising in value too. But it is actually only the site which is rising in value; a building does not increase in real value over time any more than do cars, television sets or other consumer durables.

If land is rising in value then that value (attributable to the presence of an increasing or wealthier community in the vicinity) should be returned, through the tax system, to the community which created it. With Proposition 13, however, an even larger proportion of this unearned increment will go directly into the landlords' pockets.

It is interesting to note that California first came to prominence in the fiscal world a hundred years ago when Henry George suggested the replacement of the economically naive property tax – and all other taxes – with a single tax on land values. Landlords were George's adversary and Mr Cockburn has pointed out how this class, as an analytical category, is still as powerful today. Indeed, Cockburn reports that there is 'an entire new class of land and property speculators in the US'. Perhaps it is time to look again at George's proposals; he certainly would have been appalled at the Jarvis-Gann swindle and the bonanza for landlords their proposition has created. There is a lot of very valuable land in California returning either rent or economic rent, a unique source of wealth unacknowledged under their system of property taxes.

It now becomes clear what the leading tax rebels had in mind. It was not a populist drive against bureaucracy but a get rich quick scheme to land owners, a scheme which would have impeccable moral sanction in the nation which worships those who 'get ahead' by fair means or foul.

KEITH THOMAS

11 Myrtle Road
Bristol

Carter, NATO and Cyprus

Sir, Taylan Bahceli (NS Letters, 9 June) complains at the 'naïveté' of your editorial 'Carter, NATO and Cyprus' but he, in fact, confused his bishops, knights and castles on a chessboard where the pawns, namely the Turkish Cypriot leaders, are manipulated by the Ankara military and their patrons elsewhere. He claims that the Turkish army has been the only guarantor of the security of Cypriots (Turkish Cypriots and moderate Greek Cypriots). I am a moderate Greek Cypriot, subscribing to the school of thought 'Cyprus for the Cypriots' and I feel that the Turkish army have not quite offered me the security claimed by Mr Bahceli. Neither do the Turkish Cypriots seem to be overjoyed with the Turkish army and the Anatolian mobs imported from the Turkish mainland to colonise Cyprus.

The root of the Cyprus problem is not *Enosis*, which according to Mr Bahceli's imagination is alive and kicking, but the expansionist aims of Turkey as manifested in the hard reality of occupation of 40 per cent of the island. Mr Bahceli invokes the need for security of the Turkish Cypriots in order to justify the continued presence of the Turkish army in Cyprus. This is indeed plain naïveté. To send an army into a foreign country ostensibly to protect a minority and also dump into the occupied land thousands of settlers requiring *Lebensraum* reads like pages from *Mein Kampf* – nowadays perhaps *démodé*.

Then there is the newly invented myth of the Turkish Cypriots being refugees three times over! I can not figure it out, unless the count runs as follows:

1) 1963-64 Turkish Cypriot population forcibly moved by Mr Denktash and his TMT to ghettos north of Nicosia to prepare the ground for partition.
2) 1974 Turkish Cypriots moved to the occupied north, some of them via the British base, to grab houses, farms and property left behind by expelled Greek Cypriot owners.
3) 1975-78 Turkish Cypriots chased out from the best of the stolen Greek houses to make room for settling the 40,000 destitute Anatolians.

Finally, how on earth Mr Bahceli complains of rhetorical allusions to the Greek flag flying on the Kyrenia castle at a time when the Turkish flag covers completely and provocatively the north of Cyprus? Can Mr Bahceli at least agree with me that it would be to everybody's benefit if the white, yellow and green flag of Cyprus was flown from the Panhandle to Paphos and from Kyrenia to Akrotiri?

GEORGE LANITIS
Press Counsellor

Cyprus High Commission
93 Park Street W1

STUDENTS

who read the NS become so absorbed that nothing can distract them. Why not enliven your summer job this year?

The NEW STATESMAN offers a special

15 WEEKS SUMMER SUBSCRIPTION FOR ONLY £2.50

It runs for 15 weeks beginning with any issue between now and the end of July. If you are on the move we will post copies to your various (UK) addresses. To get the NEW STATESMAN at almost half price, send your name and address(es) with cheque/postal order for £2.50 to:

Summer Subs, NEW STATESMAN, Freepost, London WC1V 7XD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peronism and the ad agencies

Sir, As so often in reports on Argentina by Christopher Roper, one couldn't be sure from 'The Generals Fail to Exorcise Peronism' (NS 16 June) whether he was merely repeating Montonero propaganda or, as it seems likely, helping to create it.

Since Mr Roper appears not to have joined the sporting commentators in Argentina one is entitled to ask on what authority he can claim, at long distance, that the 'Mothers of Plaza de Mayo' one of the French nuns (and, by inference, most strike organisers) belong to his chosen party.

Political double-think is by no means new to Peronism, of course. Its creator won fascist as well as socialist support for 30 years before taking his 'third way' to the grave, to be buried with him. However, it really is too much to expect of British readers that they should accept the alleged separation between the armed and political wings of the Montonero movement, when both are run by the same man. The Montoneros' increasingly frantic efforts to persuade the world they are really serious statesmen has led them to spend hugely on PR work. Burson-Marsteller, whose strict political neutrality is well-known, are said to be interested in taking on the Montonero account. Perhaps, in the circumstances, you could arrange for Mr Roper's next contribution to appear in the advertisement section?

JOHN LISNEY

15 Greville Street
London E3

Redistribution

Sir, John Mortimer wrote in his diary (London Diary 2 June): 'I know a man . . . who, having found his wife in bed with two musicians, was . . . puzzled when the law required him to present her with a third of his capital and income, plus a third of the matrimonial home.'

Lucky him! If she found him in a similar position, she might also be quaintly puzzled to find that he is entitled to *two* thirds. Well might John Mortimer write of the divorce law as 'a hotbed of sexual discrimination'. If this is one of our more 'outrageous privileges', give me an unprivileged position any time. Or is he labouring under the illusion that wives don't actually contribute anything to a marriage?

PAULINE JONES

Bromley
Kent

Grantham on Grunwick

Sir, I read with interest the article by Anna Coote on the subject of Grunwick (NS 19 May). While she made a number of cogent points she missed the key issue in the lesson of this dispute. She correctly quotes Mahmood Ahmad, the secretary of the strike committee – as stating that our members in this dispute will not end it until we have cleared the outcome of the question of union recognition. We owe it to the movement to show that even in difficult circumstances, the Employment Protection Act helps those who wish to become members of a union and have it recognised.

The fundamental difficulty in this dispute has been that it was turned into a political football by those members of the Conservative Party who hated the Employment Protection Act and sought by every means possible to undermine it. The great weakness of the dispute was that when we were invited to organise the workers, our official was assured by the Brent Trades Council that a majority of the workpeople would join the dispute. Had that happened the dispute would not have lasted long. The dispute has dragged on over all these months because of the failure to organise and bring out on strike a majority of the workpeople. Trade unionism over the last two centuries has always returned to this basic need of organisation as *the pillar upon which success depends.*

It was because of this basic failure in organising and the failure to get a majority out on strike that the Brent Trades Council and others always sought the use of some external instrument to make up for that basic deficiency. The only effective force was a boycott of the company by the UPW. This was tried in November 1976 and was terminated after the Court proceedings under threat of fine and the possibility of sequestration of funds.

Any attempt to defy the Court order by reopening the boycott would have led to massive fines and the sequestration of funds available to support the UPW.

ROY GRANTHAM
General Secretary

APEX
22 Worple Road
London SW19

Books by crooks

Sir, Clive James (NS 9 June) errs in insisting that Nixon's Checkers speech was 'maladroit'. It was, on the contrary, one of the most consummately skilful operations that had ever been seen in American politics. The issue was not simply a matter of special interests making a campaign contribution. No campaign was involved. The $18,000 was an out-and-out purchase of an elected member of Congress, and when *The New York Post* broke the story, it was universally expected that Eisenhower would immediately get himself another running mate. Ike, however, refused for several days to comment and at the end of that time Nixon went on television with an appeal which was specious down to the last syllable, but which persuaded one million Americans to write, wire or phone the Republican National Committee urging that Nixon not be dropped from the ticket.

Maladroit? The Checkers speech was a watershed in American political history. American politics had never been a cause for rejoicing among the saints in heaven, but it had had a few rude, crude regulations, one of the most important being that you must not get caught. Skulduggery, yes. But if you were caught, you were finished. This may have been hypocrisy, but it did operate in a rough sort of way to forestall the worst kind of excesses.

After the Checkers speech, however, it no longer mattered if you got caught, and the way was opened to Watergate, the full and free pardon and the $2,000,000 Mr Nixon received as an advance on his book.

MARGARET HALSEY

33 Greencroft Gardens
London NW6

Moody

Sir, Do we really have to put up with Christopher Price's Westminster Diary? Not only do we have to endure his public schoolboyish glee over his impending attendance before the Committee of Privileges ('I say Wharton, what a jape!') but we are treated to an attack on the civil service that is as ill-informed as it is malicious. For example 'Under Wilson, we established top civil service salaries and pensions at a level well above those in industry.' Will Mr Price give us the names of *any* civil servants on salaries between £25,000 and £50,000, a not uncommon range in industries comparable with the civil service? As for pensions, the civil service scheme, which incidentally covers all grades from messenger to permanent secretary, is an unexceptional package of which identical copies will be found in banking, insurance and almost any industry of any consequence. If Mr Price disputes that let him produce his evidence.

We then have that bewhiskered old canard about the diplomatic service subsidising the private sector in education by giving boarding school allowances to parents on its staff sent overseas. Any civil servant (they are not all diplomats) with children of school age who is sent overseas for tours often adding up in aggregate to more than a school life has three options:

1) He can leave the children with friends or relatives and arrange for them to attend day schools, a much preferred option but one requiring a very co-operative friend or relative willing to act as a surrogate parent for perhaps a decade.
2) He can take them with him trusting to luck that the host countries will be able to offer education to English-speaking children to a standard acceptable even to the proletarian Mr Price and in the knowledge that the children will have to change schools every two or three years.
3) He can leave them behind in boarding schools, balancing the agonies of long term separation against the advantages of continuity of education.

No doubt Mr Price could suggest a fourth, requiring the overseas civil servant to leave his children in local authority care. It is not an option that Mr Price would countenance for a moment for his own children but then Mr Price was never one for taking his own medicine. The civil servant who chooses the third option faces the fact that the state does not provide boarding schools except on a limited or entirely specialist basis. It is usually the private sector or nothing. Does Mr Price feel that civil servants posted overseas should be strictly limited to the first two options or does he contend that a civil servant should pay from his own pocket for an expense generated directly by his employer's demands upon him?

I really do think that he ought to tell us.

L. H. MOODY

68 Shearman Road
Blackheath SE3

Elizabeth Russell

Sir, I am writing a critical biography of Countess Von Arnim, Lady Russell, better known as 'Elizabeth' of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden'. I should be extremely grateful for any help that readers of the NEW STATESMAN can give me.

Letters will be carefully photocopied and returned.

KAREN USBORNE

17a Great Ormond Street
London WC1

The state of the parties

In Peter Kellner's article last week on the opinion polls the table showing the erosion of middle class party loyalties over the years suffered from misprints. The full table taken from the *British Journal of Political Science, Vol. 7 (2)* should have read as follows.

	Middle class & white-collar		Manual workers	
	% Con	% Lab	% Con	% Lab
1964	**58**	**19**	**27**	**58**
1966	**57**	**22**	**24**	**60**
1970	**55**	**24**	**29**	**55**
1974 (Feb)	**51**	**24**	**23**	**56**
1974 (Oct)	**48**	**27**	**29**	**54**

Information on voting intentions, correlated with voters' expectations about economic prospects, was drawn from the regular *Gallop Political Index.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN GENERAL

George MacDonald Fraser

Among the Dust and Thunder

The Great Mutiny: India 1857 by CHRISTOPHER HIBBERT *Allen Lane* £7.95

Some times are obviously better than others for writing, and reading, history. The period of the Highland Clearances, for example, might not provide an ideal atmosphere in which to review the '45 Rebellion; one can think of more appropriate places and seasons for taking an objective view of the Albigensian heresy than Geneva or Rome during the Reformation. These are extreme cases. But perhaps something of the sort applies to a consideration of the Indian Mutiny in post-imperial Britain today. The imperial aftermath is still very much with us, with its reactions, regrets, prides, nostalgias and revulsions; to posterity this may not appear to have been the fittest time to judge the imperial past. Especially when that aftermath coincides with additional pressures on the intellect and emotions, we find ourselves beset with questions of race, with clashes of culture and national and religious sensibility, and all the prejudices and hypocrisies which go with them. None of which makes it easier to clear the mind, and to ensure, as far as possible, that in looking at the past we are not unduly influenced by the present.

This is not to suggest that intelligent people, when they come to consider the behaviour of Nana Sahib or General Neill at Cawnpore, are going to have their views affected by the recent barbarism at Tower Hamlets, or by some Gilbertian pronouncement on race relations. The thought expressed above is simply prompted by the interesting reflection that British and Indian attitudes today (and the word Indian is used for convenience's sake to cover the whole sub-continent) are more awake, and aware of each other, than possibly they have been since 1857 itself. Deep fears, emotions, and misconceptions inaccessible to mere reason, are touched now, as they were then, on all sides and at all levels. There is no profound conclusion to be drawn from this, at present; that can safely be left to the historian of the future when he writes his great treatise on 'British and Indian Attitudes during the Mutiny of 1857 Compared with Opinions Expressed during the Immigration Controversy of the 1970s'. He ought to get a Ph.D. out of it with no difficulty at all, and possibly a conviction under the Race Relations Act, if it still exists.

It must be made clear at once that these thoughts owe nothing to any opinions or conclusions in Christopher Hibbert's new book; they simply proceed from a lifelong interest in British-Indian history, and a lasting love of India itself. But they seem to have relevance when one reads the old story of the Mutiny again, which Mr Hibbert tells extremely well, with extensive quotations from letters, memoirs, reports and diaries of the time. This, of course, is one of the troubles with Mutiny histories; there is such a wealth of brilliant eye-witness detail, of personal human drama and suffering and gallantry and lunacy, that it is fatally easy to see it (and have one's emotions captured by it) as a great, tragic adventure story, at once thrilling, spectacular, disgusting and heroic, and to forget the great matters like causes and consequences among the dust and thunder.

Why it all happened is not a matter of dispute about causes so much as about their priorities. Two very experienced though very different old soldiers, who knew the pre-Mutiny period intimately, Sleeman and Subedar Sita Ram, saw the fatal cause as the annexation of Oudh, with its consequent effect on the morale of the sepoys of the Bengal Army who found their privileges and special status undermined; their discontent was easily fanned by agitators, who could exploit such other grievances as the 1856 Enlistment Act, which threatened the sepoys' caste, or the greased cartridge, or the rumours of ration flour polluted by ground bullock bones. There was, too, a feeling of estrangement from British officers and other British troops – it is a massive generalisation, but there seems little doubt that many Britons in India in the immediate pre-Mutiny years were smaller folk than their predecessors, less tolerant, less experienced and less equipped or concerned to understand the country or its people. And even the best of them contributed, tactlessly and often unwittingly, to a general discontent whose context was far wider than the Army – the offensive zeal of missionaries gave Indians good reason to suppose that a total Christianisation of their country was aimed at, with a destruction of Indian culture and tradition; even such ostensible benefits as railways, universities and the telegraph, or the suppression of widow-burning and *thugee*, being signs of reform, were suspect. Again, resentment of British encroachment was natural in an Indian upper class which found its power and privileges curtailed; reform in the name of efficiency was hardly welcome when it resulted in unemployment and hardship. All these grievances, and others, merged into a general disenchantment with a British rule which seemed bent on altering the status quo for the worse. That the reforms were made with the best of intentions, by imperialists as blindly certain of their rectitude as any modern radical, was by the way. Rightly or wrongly, the people of India may well have felt that they were in danger, to coin a phrase, of being swamped.

Mangal Pandy's drug-crazed outburst, the ill-timed firing parade at Meerut, and the over-reaction of the local authorities to it – these were simply the sparks to the tinder. The causes were already there, and in considering them one may feel reservations about accepting the majority judgment that the Mutiny was not a national war of independence. All these words need definition, of course – but without aligning oneself with Marx and Engels, those well-known authorities on Indian history, it may be suggested that the general sense of grievance, for whatever different reasons, crossing as it did barriers of Indian race, class, and religion, had something national about it, even before there was such a thing as an Indian nation. Of course only a comparatively small area of India was affected; of course only one native army out of three mutinied, and not all of that; of course it was not an organised rising in any accepted sense. But for those sepoys who mutinied, and for those non-sepoys, fanatics, opportunists, princes, patriots, bandits, and the rest who joined in, for religious, political, pecuniary, or purely mischievous or evil motives – and even for the uncounted multitude who may have been swept in willy-nilly – there was at least a common motive: slaughter the British and drive them out. Which has at least a racist, if not strictly nationalist, sense about it.

The effect on the British who survived the first atrocious outburst, and on their countrymen generally, is perhaps the most interesting feature of the whole dreadful business, and it is now fashionable to give it close attention, quite rightly. But while one recognises that the European academic may not be capable of understanding the mental processes of the Indian professional soldier, one sometimes wonders if he even understands the mind of his own great-grandfather. (I exempt Mr Hibbert entirely in this respect; his view of the British side of the Mutiny is balanced and humane.) To read the diaries, memoirs, letters and the like of Britons in the Mutiny period is surely to realise that we are in the presence of minds in a state of traumatic shock. One of the tragedies of the Mutiny was the total unpreparedness of British commanders who simply would not believe that *their* troops could be disloyal; when the dreadful truth dawned, and the hammer-blows of indiscriminate massacre of women and children fell – to be greatly exaggerated, of course – the shock and fear and wounded pride coalesced into a hatred akin to madness. The British revenge for the Mutiny exceeded in scale, if not in atrocity, the outrages of the mutineers and their allies. At one time, of course, one heard only of the Indian wickedness; the pendulum has swung, and the tendency now is to see Neill and Havelock as greater villains than Nana or the Jhansi murderers. Such judgments are futile. We know what both sides did, in an

Among this week's contributors:

GEORGE MACDONALD FRASER is the author of *Flashman in the Great Game*.

KINGSLEY AMIS's Dr Watson story, 'The Darkwater Hall Mystery', appeared in the May number of *Playboy*. His new novel, *Jake's Thing*, will be published this autumn.

DONALD G. MACRAE is Professor and Head of the Department of Sociology at LSE. His most recent book is *Max Weber* (Fontana, 1974).

PHILIP FRENCH was a contributor to *The World of Raymond Chandler* (Weidenfeld, 1977).

MICHAEL MASON teaches English at University College, London.

TOM DISCH's most recent books are *334* and *Getting Into Death*.

EDWARD PYGGE trained for a short time as a transport operative with Securicor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

insanity of fear and race hatred, and by enlightened standards both sides may be held unfit to plead.

Mr Hibbert treats these matters as the best historians do, dispassionately, and lets facts speak for themselves. It is, in conscience, a big enough task to tell the Mutiny story clearly and in good order, to keep a sense of perspective, and to select fairly from the mass of material available. All these things he has done admirably; I would have liked more maps, and to see Lord Roberts's refutation of the story that Hodson was shot while looting. Maybe he was, but in justice to Hodson (and he needs all the justice he can get) it would have been fair to give the other side. This is a trivial point, and it is my one cavil in an excellent book.

Donald G. MacRae

The Bourgeois Revolution

The Civilising Process: The History of Manners by NORBERT ELIAS *Blackwell* £8.50
What is Sociology? by NORBERT ELIAS *Hutchinson* £5.95 and £2.95

The name of Norbert Elias is hardly likely to be familiar to most readers of the NEW STATESMAN, and they may well be puzzled by the appearance of these two books, translated from the German and first published in, respectively, 1939 and 1970. What sort of antiquarianism is this? And then Elias himself is an old gentleman, born in 1897 – genuinely a survivor from the 19th century, from the Hohenzollern empire. Why has he not been heard from before? And then where has he been? Unfashionably, he has been teaching in Leicester. (The fact that this has been for long one of the best, most sensible and most productive of university sociology departments – productive of people and of books – is very little known to this trendy world.) Finally, why is *The Civilising Process* only, after nearly 40 years, still but Vol.I, and where is Vol.II?

Now of course the reader will rightly expect that to these questions I offer positive answers and that I believe we have occasion here for mild but genuine celebration. (Indeed, in New York there has recently been an Elias colloquium and there is, of course, an Elias *Festschrift*.) Let me explain why: Elias is a classical sociologist in the sense that one would say this of Durkheim, Weber, or Hobhouse. Secondly, he is not an exegetist of the age to which chronologically he belongs, but a man who has continued its work and originally contributed to it. Thirdly, he is a scholar who has re-ordered facts from the phenomenal world and by so doing has altered our perceptions of our past and so of ourselves. This is all very unfashionable and also very attractive. Sociology may be funny – alas, even unconsciously it seldom is – and it is everywhere abused as a source of sin and evil in our time (as if sin and evil were ever unexpected or in need of explanation), but sociology, the attempt to explain those devices whereby humankind in the flux of time can bear to live together and to co-operate a little, is today one of our major forms of self-awareness, along with the novel, poetry, drama: more so than our history or our professional philosophy.

But sociology today in Britain is also largely an attempt to do philosophy by other means, or to salvage marxism, or to do social arithmetic. The last of these is valuable but usually uninspiring; the second is theological in a bad sense; the first provides a sad reminder of Hans Anderson's story of the child doomed to play with blocks of ice for ever until at last they spelled *Eternity*. Elias tells us facts we might not know: he combines these facts in terms of the tradition of sociological thinking and his own thought and sensibility. One might, a little lightly, sum it all up by saying that he tells us how the French and English became civilised while the Germans (and, *a fortiori*) the Russians became, at best, cultured.

Elias himself is both, but there are oddities about his scholarship. For him (and this is even more clear in *What is Sociology?*) learning is conveyed in Latin or German, knowledge in French, and *curiosa* in English. Unfortunately civility, and consequently civilisation, are largely of Italian, Provençal and Catalan invention. (Though Bertran de Born does get in, under the topic of aggression, as readers of Ezra Pound might expect.) Again he makes the Bourbon court more important and less explicable a source of 'civilising' than I think plausible. But like all writers on this theme he relies, know it or not, on Voltaire's account of the age of Louis XIV, that charter document in terms of which 'the West' judges all theories of progress, development, underdevelopment, modernisation etc, etc. Or, in other words, judges how the bourgeoisie became civilised through the court, and how bourgeois universalism, at least in lip-service, became the canon of personal and public life from Mr Hua's Peking to Mr Carter's Washington. Elias would never say so, but here is a part – and a very significant one – of the explanation of that great, beneficent happening, the bourgeois revolution.

Naturally this happening was bought at a price. Civilisation, as I have said, is both a triumph and a yoke, and as Elias's usage suggests it is essentially a process of our interdependence and of the unintended consequences of our interactions – interactions apart from which we would not exist, would not consciously be. To this he brings the evidence of our demeanour, of our farting, spilling, washing, eating, excreting as *social* beings. This is to spell out Aristotle, this is man as social animal. He has his reticences, and they are more the product of the decorum of 1939 than of a fundamental prudence. Yet some of these are odd in a world which knew James Joyce, even if they are to be seen as the impositions of a past time. Nor do they matter much. Even given the prose, this volume on 'Civilising' is abundantly readable and life-enhancing. Historians, sociologists and anthropologists should read it, but anyone can read and enjoy it, and should.

The one great gap in the book is an account of love in the civilising process. The history of love has indeed been often and somehow always lamely written. It was available in a score of books in French and English to Elias in the Thirties. It was glossed in Sombart's *Luxus and Kapitalismus* which he cannot but know. It is hardly here. Yet the paradox of the revelation of the concealed, of all the exudations of mind and body in love, of the heightened contrasts and counterparts of love and civility are central and revelatory themes that Elias does not approach. So, he does not here – in Volume II perhaps? – give us that naked truth, which is the daughter of civilising time. Nevertheless, what a good, what an enjoyable book *The Civilising Process* is, and how useful a companion to Mary Douglas!

The prose is clear, accessible, but odd. Elias, I believe, censored previous versions. This one has his imprimatur, but its English is not quite English: though he learned our tongue, did he really learn, like Conrad, our society? However, the prose is quite adequate and this is both a learned book and one for the common reader, even if there is an engagingly foreign accent. There is also an appendix which is an introduction to the second edition of the book. This is for sociologists, an assertion of humanistic faith in an evolutionary – as I would say – or developmental sociology. Here Elias is not Germanic but British: here is a more modest, more realistic, more process-centred version of Hobhouse, Westermarck, Ginsberg and, above all, Herbert Spencer. He may not like this, but I think it true.

And this takes us to *What is Sociology?*, which is not in fact a book, however it was planned, for laymen, beginners or even stu-

This English

The nob's pronoun: this is a key issue. How often do you hear educated people say things like 'He came up to John and I'? Someone recently sent this column the following 'howler' from Philip Hope-Wallace: 'the vague misuse of words seems a genuine danger to us English.' The correspondent added: 'Shouldn't he have said "*we* English" if he's so keen on the correct use of English?' Well, no, of course he shouldn't have. He wouldn't say 'a danger to I', would he? 'Me' and 'us', it seems, are regarded as shabby servants to their sparkling nominative masters, to be used only in extremis – unwelcome guests to any gentleman's prose. Now we have the spectacle of J. W. Lambert's mandarin scolding of Kingsley Amis for a perfectly correct accusative (and that idiot who reviews reviews in the Bookseller **quoted the accusation and called it 'a fair cop'. Ai-ai-ai). Another him/he and a fine printer's error. £3 for the first entry, £2 for the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

☐ Mr Amis's normally elegant and lucid prose has cracked under the strain . . . so has his grammar (of Dryden, 'it would have taken a greater poet than him'). **J. W. Lambert** *Sunday Times* (J. C. Hirsh)

☐ The dissidents are growing in number, despite the best efforts of men like hardline Nationalist MP Dean van der Merwe who said people like he were the only true Afrikaners . . . **Roger Omond** NS (W. Phillips)

☐ Instructing the jury, Judge Rutter got to the crux of the matter with superb clarity when he said: 'You have to determine where the line has to be drawn between that to a rugby match is to be which a person taking part in deemed to consent, and that to which he is not deemed to consent.' *Observer* (J. D. Moore)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dents. In its modest way it is a manifesto for a sociology which is empirical, about change and development, and which eschews the vulgarities of social and political passion but does not deny sociology, like any discipline, its right to values and desires. As a result, it is likely to be ineffective. It is not pompous, not scientistic, not apocalyptic, not obscure enough for great successes. In truth it is a little dull: it is beautifully translated, but somehow passionless. But this should not conceal its merits for the professional sociologist in 1978. These are considerable – the fluid acceptance of the dimension of time, of the individual as anything. But a monad in the tide of events is unusual and attractive after the torrid years of the recent intellectual past. Senior sociologists should much like this book, but it does not have the wider and deeper resonances of Elias on civilising. The latter is a book still capable of changing our sensibility, whether we are sociologists or (very reasonably) not. So also would Elias's book *Die höfische Gesellschaft*, published in 1969. After all, high society is endlessly interesting, even to those who detest it and its works. May we hope that it too will soon be translated?

Michael Mason

Local Colour

The Case of Walter Pater by MICHAEL LEVEY
Thames & Hudson £8.50

This biography of Pater suffers to some extent from divided aims, to use a phrase from another Victorian sage. One task Michael Levey has set himself is to put the biographical record straight – a necessary job as there has not been a life of Pater in English since the flawed one by Thomas Wright, published in 1907 (though the French life of 1961 by Germain d'Hangest improved on Wright considerably). So a good deal of Levey's effort goes into a punctilious review of the surviving evidence about Pater. But somewhere along the line either the author or the publisher seems to have decided to court the interest of the reader who will not wish to get entangled in arguments about evidence – and indeed who needs to be persuaded from scratch that Pater is, as the 'Introduction' rather cravenly puts it, of more than 'brief interest . . . except to a few devoted students'. Footnotes have been eschewed, and the references are simply lumped together at the end of the book without even being keyed to pages. At one point this conflict of aims produces the odd result of an anecdote in Wright being corrected by Levey in one of his scholarly references, but retained in its apocryphal form in the main text.

In this case correcting Wright entails robbing the adolescent Pater of the credit for an amusing and slightly suggestive remark about a schoolfellow: that he resembled 'a handsome, ferocious, young bull'. It is understandable that Levey didn't want to relinquish the story, because the facts about Pater, especially in his youth, remain tantalisingly meagre despite a thorough re-excavation of the site. Levey has improved the standard narrative here chiefly in a very considerable thickening of Pater's youthful environment. The social and topographical feel of Stepney and Enfield in the 1840s – where Pater lived until he was 13 – is strongly communicated. This is something which several modern biographies of 19th-century writers have rewardingly achieved, starting with Gittings's life of Keats. A recent instance is the new life of Browning by John Maynard. It is a great improvement to read about income-levels, landscape and even transport-systems in relevant localities – especially as a replacement for those inevitable speculations about father's 'blood' and mother's 'blood' mingling to produce the hero's temperament.

In trying to catch the lineaments of the young Pater, Levey brings into play the veiled autobiographical writing of Pater's maturity: *Marius the Epicurean*, and the shorter historical fictions, some of them published as the *Imaginary Portraits*. It is part of Levey's whole drift that these writings are more self-exploratory and even confessional than is usually supposed. He is undoubtedly right about this, and he achieves some very illuminating connections between the fictions and the life. Illuminating for the former, however: the shortcoming of such evidence is the logical circle involved. You recognise a detail in *Marius* as autobiographical only because it reproduces a fact of which you have prior and independent knowledge.

Pater continues to be a sparsely documented figure right through his undergraduate career and his early years as a fellow of Brasenose. This is particularly frustrating, as his most startling and influential publications are his earliest. In 1867, within five years of his graduation, the Winckelmann essay is on the pages of the *Westminster*. The whole collection, *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, is assembled by 1873. One wants to ask: when did the cherishing of the extraordinary style and attitude of these essays start? what were Pater's undergraduate writings and conversation like? in particular, how decisive was the example of Swinburne's critical work, coming out from 1862 onwards?

Once the evidence of the first published work is at hand Levey's picture of Pater does snap into focus. The idea of a personality with the courage to upset an Oxford Senior Common Room but devoid of the courage required for Swinburnian activities is convincing. So is the associated idea of a continuous displacement or fracture in Pater between profession and practice: the Classics don writing about Renaissance culture, for example – and not even writing about Renaissance culture, but rather about his own nature, his unfulfilled homosexuality, and his horror of mortality. Levey is too lenient towards the inhibitions which made Pater remain a rather unserious, and eventually rather prim, academic. But without them Pater's cultural subversions would have been a good deal less suave and pleasing, and more like Swinburne's bare-fisted assaults. He wouldn't have modulated, in the 'Preface' to *The Renaissance*, so blandly and hence insolently from Arnold to a self-monitoring aesthetics which Arnold never had in mind:

> 'To see the object as in itself it really is,' has been justly said to be the aim of all true criticism whatever; and in aesthetic criticism the first step toward seeing one's object as it really is, is to know one's own impression as it really is.

But Pater's suavity means that his mature

CANNIBALS AND KINGS
Marvin Harris
A provocative and brilliant study of the origin of cultures, challenging the traditional concepts of 'progress' and showing how economic causes inexorably shaped the pattern of human development.
'A brilliantly argued book.' *Daily Express* £5.95

THE SECRET OF ATLANTIS
Otto Muck
Translated by Fred Bradley
'Differs from the more indulgent occultist romps in that it is both wide-ranging and scholarly. His thesis is astounding.' *Kit Pedler, London Evening News*
'Lively, very colourful and yet delightfully scholarly.' *Jane Gaskell, Daily Mail* £5.95, *illustrated*

TIGER: The Story of the Indian Tiger
Kailash Sandkhala
'His knowledge and observation are remarkable; his book, illustrated with stunning photographs, will surely convert the most obstinate reader to the tiger's cause.' *Margaret Lane, Daily Telegraph*
'A genuine literary achievement. It is obsessive, odd entirely fascinating and for all its oddness beautiful.' *The Economist* £7.95, *illustrated*

IN A VALLEY OF THIS RESTLESS MIND
Malcolm Muggeridge
'A highly unusual and welcome piece of workmanship . . . a symbolised and stylised autobiography whose range includes satirical reportage and something very near prophecy.' *Evelyn Waugh, Spectator*
'Lively reading and has a strong flavour of its apocalyptic period.' *Maurice Richardson, Observer* £4.95

CAMBRIDGE BETWEEN TWO WARS
T. E. B. Howarth
'Mr Howarth's subject is an excellent one, though ambitious. No comprehensive work of the kind seems to have been published before. The book is anecdotal, and all the more readable for that.' *The Economist*
an excellent contribution to contemporary social history.' *Andrew Boyle, Spectator* illustrated £6.50

IN SEARCH OF IDENTITY
Anwar el-Sadat
The autobiography of one of the world's leading statesmen written at a time when he is still making history on a grand scale.
'His book reveals charm, a measure of humanity and a massive self-confidence.' *Gavin Young, Observer* £6.50

COLLINS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life is another frustrating subject for a biographer. As Levey says about Pater's letters, their 'banality . . . is positively disturbing'. Pater's conversation was more indiscreet. There is a good deal of evidence for its Wildean character – facetious, deflationary, paradoxical – but very few specimens survive. Pater's family and friends seem to have provided their own measure of reticence here. Pater did give a lot of attention in the last 25 years or so of his life to the semi-autobiographical historical writings. Levey expands their autobiographical content persuasively. He has less time for the writing about literature – which came to replace art-history as Pater's main critical topic. Pater is generally not rated highly enough as a literary critic nowadays. The 1874 essay on Wordsworth is perhaps the most comprehensive and acute short assessment of the poet there is.

One important subject on which it is difficult for a modern biographer of Pater to write well is the prose-style. We have lost the taste for describing prose as such, but this is partly for the very good reason that the vocabulary which used to be employed for the job was worse than unhelpful. There was a lot of bluff about the late-Victorian campaign, in which Pater participated, to claim for prose the degree of linguistic craft appropriate to poetry. Levey speaks of Pater's 'carefully wrought cadences' and 'chiselled, almost crystalline delicacy', adopting without demur the meaningless diction of this campaign. Linguistic craft at the end of the last century often came down to linguistic ostentation. The affectedness of Pater's prose, the way it cajoles the reader into being noticed, can grate severely. Levey doesn't acknowledge this irritant, but his book does suggest many reasons for putting up with it, and persisting with Pater.

Mervyn Jones

Interference

A Flame in Barbed Wire by EGON LARSEN
Muller £4.95

Amnesty International – Amnesty, to begin with – was founded in 1961 and is now well established as the friend, defender, and in many cases rescuer of prisoners of conscience. Like most effective campaigns, it was the brain-child of one man, an English barrister named Peter Benenson. As Egon Larsen tells us in his narrative account, the incident that got Benenson started was typical enough: two Portuguese students had been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for drinking a toast to freedom in a restaurant.

Justifiably, this book chronicles the successes of Amnesty International, and these are indeed considerable. Thousands of political prisoners, including hundreds 'adopted' by name by AI, have been released in various countries before the expiry of their sentences, or else released from indefinite detention without trial. In many cases, it's pretty clear that there would have been no release without co-ordinated pressure. Also, there would have been no release if the pressure had come solely from government or 'establishment' voices representing the opposite side in the cold war. AI has been well served by its *au-dessus de la melee* stance. People from neutral countries such as Sweden have been prominent in its counsels; and the standing rule for an Amnesty group is that it adopts three prisoners – one in a communist country, one in a capitalist country, and one in the Third World.

Yet, when I watched the *Panorama* programme devoted to AI to mark its receipt of the Nobel Peace Prize, I was struck by the absence of anything like a celebration. Thomas Hammerberg, interviewed after collecting the prize, exuded a thoughtful melancholy which one couldn't ascribe simply to the Swedish character. The fact is that AI still faces an uphill task. As some prisoners are freed, others are jailed, often in the same countries. India, Spain, Portugal and Greece have achieved a restoration of democracy; but the list of countries where a sudden coup has extinguished the most elementary human rights is longer. And there are relatively few countries in the world in which the punishment of dissent is not considered to be a natural process, causing no shame whatever to the authorities. As Mr Hammerberg said, the greatest frustration is that there are countries about which it's impossible to make a fuss; one knows that there's no freedom, but no facts and no names of prisoners are ever obtainable. There are other countries – big, developed countries in both the communist and the non-communist world – which have no intention of conceding AI's right to do what it does. The Soviet government showed what it thought on the subject when it crushed the nascent Amnesty group in Russia, although this group (in accordance with AI rules) didn't propose to concern itself with prisoners in its own country.

Most depressing is the reflection – though, in the nature of the case, one can't really know – that most citizens in repressive countries probably accept the need, even the 'justice', of the repression. The average Russian, I'd guess, thinks that people who complain about his government's actions are an intolerable nuisance, and as likely as not crazy. The average Pakistani, I'd guess, thinks that journalists who write critical articles should be taught a lesson. We do know from Gallup polls that, in the 1950s, most Americans thought that civil rights should not be available to communists. McCarthyism was a phase in the US, but many countries are McCarthyite (whether in the name of communism, of Islam, or of national solidarity) all the time.

In most places, at most times, and especially in times of stress, the belief in freedom – meaning freedom for challenging opinions, which is the freedom that counts – is confined to a minority. The majority feels that life goes on most easily if nobody talks out of turn and causes trouble. To test this, you have only to observe the closing ranks in a school, a town hall or a hospital when an unwelcome voice is raised. The truth of what is said immediately becomes irrelevant – for the sake of harmony, it ought not to have been said. The instinct of the herd is still immensely powerful, and the herd may be a tribe, what sociologists call a group, or a nation. To many people, individual freedom is neither a right nor an opportunity; it is a burden which they would prefer not to assume for themselves, so they find the desire for it in others unnatural.

This is to say that there will always, short of the millennium, be a need for Amnesty – and that Amnesty must always be international. National solidarity decrees that, with rare exceptions, English people will be ready to protest about Chile or Czechoslovakia but will be more reserved about the inside of Castlereagh police station in Belfast. The justification for 'interference', as repressive governments call it, is that protests from within the country concerned are inhibited by a lurking sense of disloyalty, and of course by a natural reluctance to invite the suffering already meted out to others, especially others whose ideas one does not share. Few of us could honestly say that we would readily be beaten up to prevent IRA men from being beaten up.

Mr Larsen's book should be read, and read without any feelings of smugness. It could be better, as a book; the writing is undistinguished, the potted recapitulations of political history are simplistic, and there are annoying inaccuracies – for instance, he seems to think that President Sukarno of Indonesia was a right-wing figure. But anything that reminds us of our debt to Amnesty is welcome.

Thomas M. Disch

Psychopolis

Utopia by IAN FOD and MICHAEL WHEELER
Orbis £6.50

After the wreck of his ship, the *Fantasy*, on the island of Caphar Salama, John Andreae, a Lutheran minister of the 17th century, was examined by three magistrates – 'one to find out if he is a quack, beggar, or actor, the second to establish the soundness of his moral character and the third to ensure his scientific knowledge is up to scratch'. Having been cleared, he enters 'a zoned city where the orderly life of its 400 inhabitants is reflected in the geometry and symmetry of its layout'. 'Orderly' scarcely expresses the rage for self-denial that obtains in Andreae's Christianopolis, whose citizens, passionately chaste, spend all their ample leisure hours in prayer and the study of the sciences, including astrology.

Surely few utopias this side of 1984 have been quite so unrelievedly oppressive as that nightmare offspring of Calvin's Geneva, but there have been fewer still, on the evidence of the present book, a short but cogent survey of utopian themes, in which the prevailing sense is not of cellblocks and close formation drills. A distressing proportion of the many illustrations would not look out of place in Foucault's recent study on the co-evolution of prisons, factories, schools and barracks. Like Rousseau's natural man, all utopists begin in freedom and end in chains.

Perhaps this progression is intrinsic to the genre. Originating in a moral daydream of a world in which the primal justice of the Golden Rule will apply, most utopias are soon infected by the superego's domineering urges, which, uncontrolled by the normal antibodies they encounter in the real world, are quickly raging out of control. It can happen as easily

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a libertine utopia like De Foigney's Australia as in the closely contemporary Christianopolis. The Australians abjure doctrinal religion, are nudists, and greet each other by kissing the hands and private parts, but they are even more egalitarian than the Christianopolitans – to the extent of being all one sex. Not even their seasons are allowed to differ. 'Our glory', declare the Australians, 'consists in being all alike.'

Such comic horrors are a staple pleasure of utopian literature, and the authors of *Utopia* provide a goodly supply of absurdities culled from some otherwise notoriously dull texts. (Utopias, though by definition a kind of fiction, rarely offer the enticement of a good story. Perfection militates against drama.) But these are the spice, not the meat, of the book. Like so many other foreign countries, Utopia is often silly and more often dull, but its existence is essential to the mind's economy and no one's education is complete who has not been there and taken in its principal sights. For a one-day guided tour Tod and Wheeler's *Utopia* covers a respectable amount of ground, and while some of the more venerable monuments, such as Plato's *Republic*, receive very short shrift and some two-star attractions like Fénelon's *Télémaque* are omitted altogether, one can't expect exhaustiveness on so short a visit. The authors do present faithful synopses of the works of such classic utopists as More, Campanella, Winstanley, Owen, Bellamy and (their personal favourite) William Morris, and still find time to consider a number of figures not commonly dealt with in such surveys: the 18th-century architects Boullée and Ledoux, the Chartist leader Fergus O'Connor, the Italian Futurist Sant'Elia, and Ebenezer Howard, founder of the Garden City movement at the beginning of the century.

This larger scope would not have been possible if *Utopia* did not have the format of a coffee-table book, with a rough parity between text and illustrations (in both colour and black-and-white), but for once that format is not an excuse for skimping on substance. There has been some pictorial padding, especially in the early chapters, where wholly conjectural engravings, bas-reliefs, and mosaics of Pythagoras, Socrates and Plato make a very doubtful contribution to the chapters they help to plump out, but on the whole even such Golden Oldies as Raphael's *School of Athens* seem worth a fresh look in this new context. In any case, a moiety of all the illustrations will be unfamiliar to most readers who lack the authors' backgrounds in the history of architecture and town-planning. The grandiose Enlightenment follies of Boullée and Ledoux are utopian in the completest sense, even to the inclusion of such absurd delights as Ledoux's Temple of Immorality, in which young people may be 'exposed to concentrations of vice so that they would be repelled in the direction of virtue'. (There are no blueprints for the Temple, only a bird's-eye view of the imaginary city of Chaux in which it would have existed.)

Visionary architecture of more recent vintage is also included, mostly of a brutalist tendency. Soleri's Hexahedron, a gigantic translucent city on stilts that provides the striking cover design, is the stuff ***Star Wars*** are made of, while the views of the Archigram design group's Plug-In City is a whole new concept in man's inhumanity to man, and as such exerts an hypnotic fascination. Plug-In City resembles nothing so much as a post-transistor wiring diagram. Once an image is born, it quickly becomes a moral imperative.

At the end of this ethical smörgasbord the authors declare themselves to be on the side of William Morris and the angels. We must decentralise or die. Windmills and solar power are the order of the day. Ecosystems forever. However, for all their effort to end *Utopia* with a sincere, affirming clarion-call that will send us off to the pretty commune Clifford Harper has sketched for the book's *envoi*, the final note comes across as rather tristful, a reveille. One can't help reflecting that the counter-culture for which Tod and Wheeler are acting as recruiters hasn't generated much in the way of utopian literature, unless *The Whole Earth Catalogue* can be seen as such. They are left with a hope: 'Before long someone will put together an updated version of *News from Nowhere* as inspiration to change on a wider scale.' Surely this is looking backwards with a vengeance. Tod and Wheeler have reason and even wisdom on their side, but the specific virtue of utopias is imagination, preferably a bit out of control. Utopists tend to look like cranks to their contemporaries.

My own sense of where the next major utopia is likely to come from is illustrated by a recent ad in the personal column of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science-Fiction*:

> WANTED: Communication with serious individuals who like to form the nucleus of a non-profit group sponsoring the building and launch of multi-generation starships. Please write to Joe, P.O. Box 37312, Houston, Texas 77036.

Christopher Hitchens

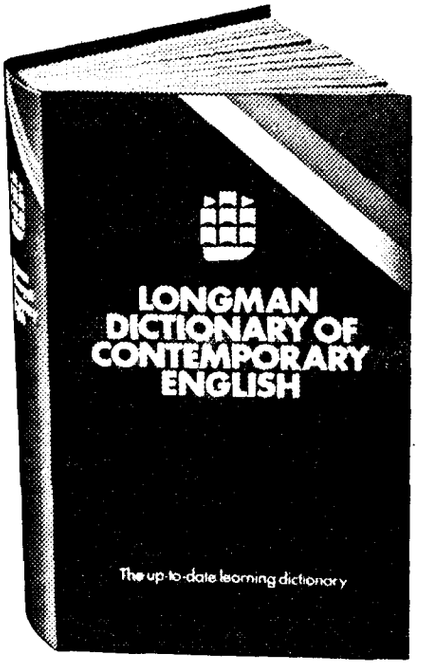
Just So

Memoirs by REGINALD MAUDLING *Sidgwick & Jackson* £7.95

The existence of Mr Reginald Maudling is a thing to marvel at, to ponder of a white night and, if such is your way, to hoist high as an example. His book of memoirs is, appropriately enough, fat, boring and dense. It is of interest only in so far as it shows the workings of an instinctively reactionary and commonplace mind. The prose is as primitive as the politics. Here, for instance, is his summary of the Dutschke deportation: 'One of the hazards of a Home Secretary is that he is bound to bump into a certain amount of such cases, and the passions that arise are very considerable.' No further revelation of that nasty little episode is permitted.

Maudling is, in like manner, evasive and unilluminating about his role in the internment crisis in Ulster. The entire account of his most important political catastrophe takes up three vapid paragraphs, compared with eight devoted to his prep and public-school days. Your reviewer began to squirm in his chair when the scene moved to Oxford. 'Life in Oxford in the mid-1930s was extremely agreeable. It was to some extent overshadowed by the growing menace of Hitler.' It is, I assure you, all as fresh and crisp as that. Sodden, Rotary Club style is the order of the

LONGMAN DICTIONARY OF CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH



55,000 entries

New grammatical coding

International phonetic alphabet

69,000 examples

Easy-to-understand definitions

Illustrated

Price £4·75

The up-to-date learning dictionary.

ISBN 0 582 525713

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day, and I think the book must have been dictated (probably to the long-suffering Beryl, judging by the number of random tributes to her many qualities). Take, for example, Maudling's reflections on the Real Estate Fund of America:

> One of the great advantages of my business appointments was that they made it possible for me to travel extensively. I think it is of very great value to this country and to the world generally, that both politicians and businessmen should be able to travel widely, and to meet one another. The problem, of course, is one of money.

Just so. As for his relationship with Jerome Hoffman, in case you are interested he merely says that 'for some time after I had resigned the Fund seemed to prosper . . . but then it collapsed along with other funds operating in the same field.' He omits Hoffman's record of fraud and spell in the slammer.

It's conventionally said of Maudling that although lazy and incompetent he's really quite cuddly and acceptable. I don't think this is true *at all*. He was once told by his headmaster that he was vain and selfish, and that shot was right on the board. But he's also a natural authoritarian, sycophantic to the strong and contemptuous of the weak. (The victims of Bloody Sunday, for instance, don't even rate a line here.)

He says of William Armstrong, whom he met at Oxford, 'Was there ever a man more clearly destined to become Head of the Treasury?' Was there ever a more fat-headed remark about the worst Head of the Treasury since the war? He says of Suez: 'I certainly believe it was a morally correct action.' He says of Vietnam that the Americans went 'to leave their own blood and treasure there, in defence of what they thought to be right'. After resigning over the Poulson affair he remembers 'receiving from Henry Kissinger, amidst all his problems, a letter from the White House in his own handwriting, of the most friendly kind'. Terrific. The absence of any reflective or critical capacity is astounding, or would be if we did not have his political record as a reminder.

Even where he makes some shift to be interesting, as he does on the Middle East, he contrives to leave a nasty taste. Despite his buffoon-like asides on Suez, Maudling is rather pro-Arab, and especially pro the fat and rich ones. He records some absorbing visits to the area, and says that he is not popular with sensitive Jewish opinion. Then he spoils the whole thing by talking of a 'final solution' for Israel, which is as unhappy and sloppy a phrase as he could have picked. As Thatcher looms, there are plenty of wiseacres to say that the Heath team were more statesmanlike, more in touch, more realistic and more tolerant. Memory, hold the door. Here is a book which reminds us what kind of people they were. No impulse for nostalgia need arise. We are well shot of Reggie.

Zahir Jamal

Manhunts

To Room Nineteen: Collected Stories, Vol. I and **The Temptation of Jack Orkney: Collected Stories, Vol. II** by DORIS LESSING
Cape £5.50 each

Doris Lessing's classics of post-war feminist fiction belong to the literature of occupation. Before the advent of late-Sixties liberation they instructed the female imagination in its principal means of resistance: sabotage, non-cooperation and assaults on enemy morale. Collected in two volumes, these figments of reprisal will doubtless continue to cheer women unable to live either with or without the oppressive sex.

Lessing's women are regularly encouraged to seek out small, barren enclosures away from men: a stale room in a Paddington hotel; a basement flat in a blitzed ruin; a grim hovel in a dream; an empty park within a park. Overtly sanctuaries, these 'bare spaces' are locations of voluntary sterilisation. Bored, exhausted or ill-used, a Lessing heroine retreats into her vagina and blocks it. Only one admittedly, goes so far as to gas herself in there; but the act is consistent with these other discardings by the discarded of a bruised erotic life. Sealed off, shut in, occluded, these dismal anchorites image a familiar threat to male supremacy: the withdrawal, prematurely, of all sexual facilities.

A more blatant version of this resort is the sudden adoption by women approaching middle age of unsexing garments. On her 40th birthday, the dainty wife of an ageing philanderer gleefully repulses his uncomprehending, purely habitual devotions by breaking out spectacularly in crone's clothing. Extinguishing garb may also be worn by young lovelies like Maureen they need to repel men they've led on but can't stomach marrying. In both cases, the anticipation of sexlessness joltingly robs the offending male of his partner's vitality and denies him the triumph of future rejection.

Where drastic measures are required, there is always the possibility of incest. Sharing things with 'Each Other' not only plugs the hole left in bed by an unsatisfactory marriage but achieves this thriftily with a family member, thereby preventing the spread of joy outside. Sex thus enjoyed accomplishes what every Lessing woman seeks: hermetic self-sufficiency within the world of men. Fortunately for the squeamish, no other character is disposed to follow this initiative. The preferred alternative remains a chill mood of celibacy. 'Our Friend Judith', for instance, certainly enjoys the unsettling effect her enviable self-possession has on the world at large. Cool, serene, untouched, she resembles a neutered cat. Not surprisingly, cats are her favourite animals. Compassion for the things extends to disregarding her neighbours' pleas to have her marauding tom fixed. She has him killed instead.

Judith's icy sisters include 'A Woman on a Roof' and the girl who cleverly ensures that she is 'One off the Short List'. What both these last know is that men want to break into their unnerving erotic composure even more than their stunning bodies. Both survive forms of rape with their moral advantage enhanced – chastening examples to all those women who relinquish their poise without even the slightest of bodily threats. But collaboration with the enemy, Lessing's fiction recognises, is sometimes inevitable if only for the sake of having children. Ideally, children would arrive without the need for preliminaries like marriage or, indeed, intimacy. Rose, 'The Other Woman', actually manages this feat by adopting her first love's daughter by someone else after a bomb flattens the mother's home. Of course, not all children can be acquired at so much cost to other people; and for married women bent on pregnancy Doris Lessing has some important advice: consider polygamy. 'Not a Very Nice Story'? Perhaps, but as the folks of that tale and 'A Man and Two Women' have found, Western marriage simply isn't up to coping with liberal ideals, promiscuity and child-bearing all at once. A threesome wonderfully relieves the senior wife of her sexual obligations during and after pregnancy while keeping hubby happily in the family. The failure of both experiments, Lessing clearly wishes us to notice, is not so much a comment on their wrong-headedness as confirmation of the idiocy of liberal intellectuals who don't know what's good for them.

Stirred into consciousness by fictions like these, it must have been an informative moment for Lessing's readership when, in 1969, she announced: 'I'm impatient with people who emphasise sexual revolution. I say we should all go to bed, shut up about sexual liberation, and go on with the important matters.' Just what these important matters are she didn't quite specify; but from the few samples of her subsequent work here it can be inferred that they include a measure of doom-watching and reading Simone Weil.

A brooding interest in apocalypse, kept out of her earlier work by the need to believe in political and personal reconstruction, increasingly clouds the stories in her second collection. 'The Temptation of Jack Orkney' is the ancient fear of death and oblivion and the religious opiates that such fear renders attractive. Whether Lessing has succumbed to the fear or the opiates her work offers no final proof. It's just possible that the thought of that bed of no embrace has freed this liberated woman from her counsels of revenge.

Cal Clothier

Political Poem

I don't get many letters nowadays,
mostly circulars and bills,
official mail 'post paid', brown envelopes
with windows, or unsealed.
Only three months ago, or even less,
I'd get a stack of post each day
and most of it was personal.
Now anything that's personal
comes open in the post or tears
and pages sometimes go astray.

When I hear the postman's steel heels
click on my doorstep, I hide by the stairs.
His new armband shines through the glass.
His new alsatian stands up straight,
whines to come through my letter-box.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CRIME BOOKS

Kingsley Amis

Holmlock Shears

Sherlock Holmes and his Creator by TREVOR H. HALL *Duckworth* £7.95
The Last Sherlock Holmes Story by MICHAEL DIBDIN *Cape* £3.95

The Baker Street Higher Criticism (not my phrase, nor my cup of tea) pretends that Holmes and Watson were real people and that for some reason and somehow or other Watson got Conan Doyle to publish the 'records' of Holmes's cases. Since Doyle quite properly didn't bother with immaterial detail, not checking what the weather had been like on a given date and so forth, the Higher Critics have plenty of inconsistencies and other spurious problems to get their teeth into, and they are still clashing away.

Not my cup of tea, as I said, and very likely not a lot of other people's either, but it would be a pity to be put off Trevor H. Hall's book because he sometimes operates like that. Thus he opens his collection with a 'biography' of Dr James Moriarty – not 'Professor' even though Holmes so calls him – and goes on to disparage *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* (1975) for its incompatibilities with the canon. This best-selling (so they say) novel by Nicholas Meyer, supposedly based on a typescript found in a Hampshire attic and denounced by Mr Hall as a 'forgery', relates how Holmes goes to Vienna so that Freud may cure him of his cocaine addiction, dispel his delusions about harmless old Moriarty, etc.

But at about this point one's interest begins to pick up. Incompatibilities with fiction are one, rather trivial, thing; to be at odds with fact is another. Watson is made to describe Hugo von Hofmannstahl, Richard Strauss's librettist, as a 'grave, middle-aged man' whereas he was actually 17 at the time (1891); when Holmes's Stradivarius is sent on from London the parcel is opened by an unborn daughter of Freud's; the chronology demands that Holmes and Watson spend at least eight months on the train between Paris and Vienna. To a Higher Critic such gaffes are the penalties of impiety, while others will see them as results of the laziness that goes with pursuing a dull idea.

'Thomas Stearns Eliot and Sherlock Holmes' is an essay-title to make the heart quail, but the text is fine. We had noticed that there was a good deal of Moriarty in Macavity but not, I think, how close some of the parallels were, and I for one had no idea that the word 'grimpen' in 'East Coker' derived, plainly, unmistakably, from the Grimpen Mire in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, nor that a part of the Musgrave ritual reappeared almost unaltered in *Murder in the Cathedral*. After that, things take a turn for the worse again with an account, unwanted by me, of how 'Holmlock Shears' gets on in the adventures of Arsène Lupin by Maurice Leblanc, and with a demonstration that the character of Holmes was based, founded, modelled (whatever those words mean in this context), not on one Wendel Scherer, a German private inquiry agent operating in London in the 1880s, but on Dr Joseph Bell, under whom Doyle had studied at Edinburgh, as we had always known and as he said at length more than once and slightly what of it?

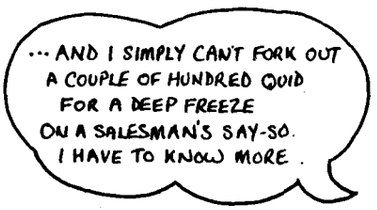
The best and much the longest piece in this short book is about Doyle and spiritualism. It emerges that if some spiritualists are more easily and willingly fooled than others, then Doyle was one of the some; the attribution to him of 'versatile and eager credulity' is extensively borne out. How, Mr Hall asks in effect, could a clever chap like the creator of Holmes fall for such a load of mumbo-jumbo? Well, he fell for it in 1916, a year when plenty of people less compassionate and warm-hearted than he needed to believe that the grave was not the end; he had broken with the Roman Catholicism he had been brought up in; he was too decent a man to suspect others of charlatanry in a matter so serious; he had always been fascinated by the bizarre and obscure, which sounds the likeliest reason of all.

Whatever did it, it got done all right. For the last 12 years of his life (1918-30) almost everything Doyle did was in order to advance the cause of spiritualism. He wrote 13 books on it, lectured incessantly – for expenses only – and doled out a quarter of a million pounds of his own money. Oh, and from 1921 to 1927 he published in the *Strand Magazine* the stories collected in *The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes* (1927). These have always seemed to me, and seem to Mr Hall, much below the average of the other four volumes. What with the dates mentioned or implied in the stories (1896-1907) and other evidence, he convinces me that they were written, or at least drafted, and rejected by their author long before their eventual resurrection and publication – to raise cash for the cause. So the Higher Criticism can have its critical uses.

This is a sensible, well-written and fascinating essay, enough in itself to make the volume necessary to all Holmesians, even mild ones like me who think the tales are merely works of genius; I was going to call it overpriced, but that 'necessary' brings such a judgment into question.

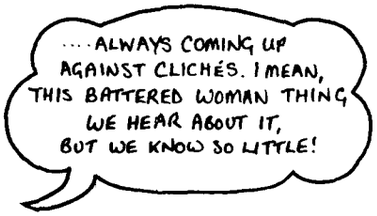
I wish – rather inertly, though – I could say the same for Michael Dibdin's novel. Meyer-like, he has found his manuscript in a box on deposit at Watson's bank. He modifies the Higher Critical assumption so as to make Doyle the author of the canon working from information supplied by Watson. This allows Mr Dibdin to get in a good crack from Holmes about a flagrant implausibility in *A Study in Scarlet* – foisted in by the bungling ACD. It also lets him off the uncomfortable hook of having to write in Doyle's style. Fair enough, or nearly, but a work supposedly written in 1922 by a man supposedly born in the 1850s must not contain modernisms like – I pick

TALKERS WHO SHOULD BE READERS (of HMSO books, of course)



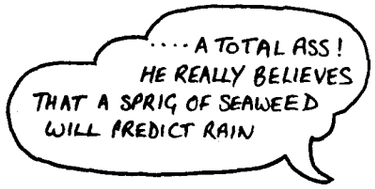
He ought to get his nose inside **An ABC of Home Freezing.** The last word of advice for people who have freezers, the first word of advice for those who are thinking of buying with a view to making economies. Years of research in these pages.

ISBN 0 11 241114 2 £1.75



She ought to read the inside story in **A Refuge for Battered Women.** It's about the Canterbury Women's Centre. Interviews with 25 women who stayed there, and 9 women who set it up.

ISBN 0 11 320350 0 £1.75



The 'total ass' should be encouraged to read **A Course in Elementary Meteorology.** You do not need Advanced Physics to understand this introduction to theoretical meteorology. Once read, you will know more than enough about the physical processes that govern weather.

ISBN 0 11 400312 2 £4.95

HMSO BOOKS

These useful, interesting and often controversial books can be found – with hundreds of others – at Government Bookshops in London, Edinburgh, Cardiff, Manchester, Bristol, Birmingham, Belfast, and from HMSO agents (Yellow Pages for addresses).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three out of a couple of dozen – 'minimally' in a non-technical sense, 'massive' meaning only 'extensive' (massive injuries) and, God save the mark, 'hopefully' meaning 'with luck' – this in a letter *from Holmes himself.*

The plot is wrong too: Holmes called in by Lestrade to catch Jack the Ripper. The horror of those real crimes, not at all stinted here, won't blend with the undistressing fictions of the Holmes-Watson-Doyle world. Mr Dibdin is vivid and convincing about the people and places of late-Victorian Whitechapel, but that doesn't help much. Taking one thing with another, I rather hope this is indeed the last Sherlock Holmes story.

Philip French

Mean Streets

Chinaman's Chance by ROSS THOMAS *Hamish Hamilton (to be published on 13 July)* £4.95

Raymond Chandler came late to the hard-boiled detective school. By then the crude early *Black Mask* style had been pared down to a classic terseness by Dashiell Hammett and what remained was for Chandler to embellish it with fine writing and acid wit. He was the baroque master to his own decadent rococo followers and his mannerist predecessor. And although he'd settled in Los Angeles before DeMille arrived to make *The Squaw Man*, he was preceded by numerous other writers – most notably the Graham brothers, James Cain, Horace McCoy and Nathanael West – in using the sprawling city as an emblematic setting. But he made it peculiarly his own, and peculiarly the home of the private-eye. Hammett hasn't become an adjective the way Chandler has, and we speak not of Cain's Los Angeles but of Chandler's – or rather of Philip Marlowe's LA, as familiar a mythic stamping ground as Holmes's London.

On the jacket of Ross Thomas's *Chinaman's Chance* several critics invoke Chandler's name to praise him, and this latest book ('his most ambitious, funniest and most exciting to date', says the blurb) is set in a slightly updated version of Chandler's Los Angeles. Getty's Museum and Disneyland are now on the map, the Arabs are buying beach houses at Malibu, but the setting is that familiar town where the disillusioned rich confront the deluded poor in anomie territory. The centre of attention is a hellish suburb that Thomas calls Pelican City but we know as Chandler's Bay City. When his heroes arrive there they get the same brutal treatment from the cops that Marlowe received, though somewhat more explicitly. But then everything is more explicit. The suggestion of universal corruption Chandler conveyed is here spelt out as clearly as the sign in the Hollywood hills.

Ross Macdonald still manages to keep Lew Archer on the road, and in his film *The Late Show* Robert Benton put new life into the gumshoe hero by giving him a pension book and a hearing aid. But the private-eye is an increasingly difficult character to make convincing, and Thomas opts for a pair of male-bonding adventurers as his protagonists. They're the orphaned geniuses Artie Wu (half-Chinese and claiming descent from the Emperor of China) and Quincy Durant (revealed as the illegitimate son of a super-WASP). Both are Princeton-educated physical and mental giants, though their general conduct and configuration suggest they're cast from the same mould as the new-style vacuously handsome beef-cake Hollywood stars Nick Nolte, Lee Majors and John Beck.

Artie and Quincy infiltrate LA at the behest of an upperclass vigilante band in Washington to prevent Pelican City being taken over by the Mafia in conjunction with CIA renegades. Their Washington control talks about the pair's 'sophomoric nihilism', but they're really crusading old romantics at heart. While they may be operating a scheme like the one used in *The Sting* (it involves recruiting some of the best American confidence tricksters in Asia), they do it as disinterested servants of a higher good.

As they go down those familiar mean streets of LA we're introduced over the course of some 400 pages to assorted cops, crooks (ranging from the petty to the imperial), a trio of unlikely singing sisters from Arkansas who combine old-school socialism with golden discs and are as big as and morally better than Dylan and the Beatles, plus the usual assortment of rancid Californian eccentrics. But whereas Marlowe observed the local fauna caustically and economically, the third-person narrative allows the omniscient Thomas to give us a potted biography of every character. At one point, for instance, four insignificant student socialists aiding the fugitive heroine get a romantic build-up of the sort Buchan used for his élite conspirators.

Nobody can remember clearly the sequence of events in *The Big Sleep* or *Farewell My Lovely*, but in Chandler such things are subordinate to character, atmosphere, and sheer writing. Thomas's elaborate plot, though ingenious enough, is allowed to take precedence over action and mise-en-scène, and his prose is undistinguished. His attempts at Chandleresque tropes sometimes verge on the embarrassing:

> To Durant, who stood now, still handcuffed, before Ploughman's grey metal desk, the Pacific always seemed like a beautiful, overpriced whore who promised more than she could ever deliver.

Like much recent American fiction, the book touches all the contemporary bases in an effort to link every conceivable power-centre of America. The FBI, the Pentagon, the entertainment business, the electronics industry, college radicals and organised crime are all variously involved. The bent CIA man has been a contemporary of the Mafia boss at the same smart university (Bowdoin College, the alma mater oddly enough of the legendary editor of *Black Mask* Joseph T. Shaw). Tentacular strands of the plot reach out to the battlefields of Indo-China, the oilfields of the North Sea, and Dealey Plaza in Dallas.

This makes for a mildly entertaining read, but leaves one uncertain as to where the focus of Thomas's interest lies. Linking the CIA and the underworld in a tale where Vietnam veterans return home to contaminate America, he reminds us of a more effective and much more exciting novel, *Dog Soldiers* by Robert Stone. Stone had the good sense to go back beyond Chandler and Hammett to more continuingly fruitful sources of inspiration – Conrad and Hemingway. The difference between *Chinaman's Chance* and *Dog Soldiers* is the difference between a caper and a crime. Stone's bleak fable goes on reverberating in the mind long after the final page has been turned; Thomas's yarn vanishes even more rapidly than the oriental meal its title suggests.

Edward Pygge

Trunch

The KnowHow Book of Detection by JUDY HINDLEY and DONALD RUMBELOW illustrated by Colin King *Osborne* £2.25 and 99p

I had a nasty shock the other morning when I woke up to find myself in bed with two stunted policepersons. We don't go in for that kind of thing much in Beech Croft Road: the student nurses keep irregular hours, but otherwise it's not what you'd call a seamy neighbourhood – so I fearfully assumed it was part of a blackmail attempt by some Forster enthusiast, or whoever. The teddy-bears seemed to fit this theory, though of course if I hadn't been so stunned I would have recognised them (you've guessed) as the children's, and the disturbingly diminutive people in blue as the helpless babes themselves.

It was the first of quite a few related bad moments. I've had Carlyle's translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* on the go lately and every time I looked up from it – which was fairly often, as you can imagine – I would see these two dark blue helmets nip across a doorway or past a window, about 2'10½" and 3'4" above the ground. The house was full of confused mutterings as the vigilant officers reported back to control. None of this would have mattered much if it hadn't been for the plastic truncheons that came with the helmets. We tried telling them that these were actually highly sensitive microphones, designed to be buried deep in the ground to detect footsteps. They soon dug them up, though, and got the hang of them very quickly (they've seen as much football violence on telly as the next four-year-old), plying them deftly on unprepared sunbathers in the garden and chanting Max Beerbohm's little verse:

> Then it's collar 'im tight,
> In the name of the Law!
> 'Ustle 'im, shake 'im till 'e's sick!
> Wot, 'e *would,* would 'e? Well,
> Then yer've got ter give 'im 'Ell,
> An' it's trunch, trunch, truncheon does the trick!

Clearly, there was only one course open to us: up their pocket money, get them into plain clothes and give them *The KnowHow Book of Detection.* It's a cartoon-strip, with a running story about a Russian princess and her stolen diamond, and the police-work involved on the reader's part (clues to spot, maps to follow, etc. – answers supplied, upside-down) is backed up by various suggestions for projects like how to make an identikit kit, check fingerprints, interrogate witnesses (a worry, this one, but the recommended methods turned out to be purely verbal), how to interpret footprints, and so on.

Inevitably, it's been a swings-and-roundabouts business making the transition. You win some, you lose some. All books containing projects for children tend to begin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with advice on roughly the following lines:

> You will need a piece of draughtsman's card, 98 cm × 42¾ cm (or staple together 11 opened-out Cornflakes packets); one large box of matches; 14 metres waxed thread (wax some yourself, if necessary, with a molten candle – you might find one on the altar of your local church); a strip of black satin; some gunpowder from an old firework; and a brass paper-clip.

So far, Judy Hindley and Donald Rumbelow of the City of London Police – or Chief Supt. Rumbelow, as I'd better call him for safety – haven't made too many demands of this kind, though what with inkpads for finger-prints and talcum powder for detecting them, the Victorian mahogany dinner-table is looking a bit musty, and the keen young sleuths have put my last half-bottle of gin in a sealed plastic bag, as evidence.

The story has given a lot of pleasure (to them, I mean; it's a heavy-handed, rather predictable saga, full of vintage cars, etc., and set in a place called Fuzzville; faster-moving than *Wilhelm Meister,* though) and the incidental information the book is full of has been the source of what looks like being sustained interest and experiment, particularly the bit saying, 'Some criminals have tried to burn away their fingerprints, but when the skin grew back, the pattern came to light again.' There are only two short passages we feel we must go on trying to suppress: the one which says, 'Most important, learn how to telephone emergency services, like the police'; and the challenging hint, 'You must know your neighbourhood thoroughly to set up a road block.' As I say, it's always been a peaceful area, in the past.

Jonathan Keates

Drab Stabs

The Partridge Kite by MICHAEL NICHOLSON *Granada* £4.95
The Case of The One-Penny Orange by E. V. CUNNINGHAM *Deutsch £3.95*
A Sleeping Life by RUTH RENDELL *Hutchinson* £4.25
Triple Jeopardy by MARY STEWART *Hodder & Stoughton* £5.95

There is nothing quite like spy-fi for sheer concentrated silliness. It has been like this ever since the days when E. Phillips Oppenheim and Max Pemberton were rocking the Edwardians with anarchist bombs and Czarist agents on Balkan railway trains. Life, it is true, sometimes condescends to ape these impostures. Isabelita, the second Mrs Peron, for example, when she faced her pursuers with a revolver drawn from her handbag, struck a natural pose for one of those grey-tinted illustrations of women with cherubic mouths and currant eyes crying, 'Stand back, you fools, or I fire!' Otherwise the conventions endure, with an archness that is often staggering, occasionally renewing themselves with a fresh gloss of toughness and urgency as successive generations throw up appropriately ridiculous archetypes.

The Sixties model of the little man in the mackintosh with dandruff on the collar has given way to beery Seventies machos, like grotesque exhumations of Bulldog Drummond, consistently rude and brutish to their superiors and generally deemed expendable by the Whitehall boffins who despise them. One of the minor virtues of *The Partridge Kite*, an assured first stab at the genre by Michael Nicholson, is that its hero Tom McCullin actually manages to survive until the last page, when he zonks out in an alcoholic stupor on New Year's Eve (in telling you which, by the way, I've ruined nothing). True, he is in other respects the obligatory heavy, short on words or humour, spartan, beefy, lecherous, and ruefully compassionate.

His faintly pinkish politics are relevant to the tale. Nicholson has cleverly conflated Column 88 and the National Association for Freedom to produce a right-wing outfit called CORDON, headed by revoltingly plausible MPs and planning a wholesale takeover of government, armed forces, police and media on Christmas Day, while the Queen is visiting Canada and Parliament is in recess. He has a good line in violent set-pieces, opening with the NUR secretary spiked with an umbrella from behind and sent tumbling down the Leicester Square station escalator to break his neck at the bottom, and moving towards excellent mayhem in Selfridges as Father Christmas turns out to be a CORDON operator and bullets whine across the toy department.

He can also throw himself wholeheartedly into the nonsense world of contacts, covers, bluffs and double identities, to an extent verging at times upon cynical parody. Every spy-fi, it seems, has to have a moment where our hero becomes a stooge, confronted with his captors who, having carefully set him up, go on to explain laboriously for the reader's benefit, like the dénouement of a Jacobean tragi-comedy, telling us that everybody we supposed to belong to one organisation in fact worked with the other. 'That was why we had to kill X, you see, Mr Y . . . '. Tiresome, this, in *The Partridge Kite*, and awkward, too, its handling of top-level dramatis personae (the PM makes an appearance), with plenty of evidence that the author is a seasoned ITN reporter, ready at a moment's notice to scatter detail in pursuit of authenticity. Still, it's niftily plotted and the final Christmas Eve cliff-hanger in the Spey valley is a perfect nail-biter.

Having produced a dozen books all titled with girls' names, *Cynthia, Lydia, Sylvia* and so on, E.V. Cunningham, much admired in America, has begun what will apparently be a new set featuring a Japanese cop, a Zen Buddhist rose-fancier called Masao Masuto. Deucedly inscrutable, he noses his way into one of those mysteries involving an obscure connection of disparate elements, in this case a Mauritian stamp (the rare One-Penny Orange), a murder and a fugitive Nazi in Beverly Hills. There is dialogue, yards and yards of it, enough to make Cunningham the Ivy Compton Burnett of the tec. thriller – but not much else. Masuto is a melancholy little sour-puss and the whole thing has an awful effortlessness about it, a somnabulistic reflex born, I suppose, of long practice in writing *Milly, Sally, Shirley* and *Margie*. Stodgy.

More satisfying, if more traditional, is *A Sleeping Life*, another in Ruth Rendell's Chief Inspector Wexford series. Where Masao Masuto and wife address each other like the stilted translation of an opera libretto – 'You are very good to me', 'Little things. You must not thank me for little things', 'There are no little things in a gift of love', etc – Wexford is given the convincing perspective of a difficult daughter and clamorous grandchildren, so that the central story is thrown into sharper relief by being made to seem remote and intrusive.

The case itself involves the finding of drab stab-victim Rhoda Comfrey in a suburban footpath and a fruitless pinning of the murder on Grenville West, a writer of historical romances based on Elizabethan plays. Reading the last two chapters for sheer curiosity before starting the book in earnest seemed calculated to spoil everything. The fact that it didn't is a tribute to Rendell's skill in throwing out blind after blind while keeping the narrative at an agreeably subdued pitch throughout. Though Wexford, beyond a tendency to quote Shakespeare, seldom achieves the definition which seems promised, the book is (remarkably, given the crisp plot-lines, all leading to the weirdest of links between Rhoda and Grenville) strong on character and nuance, and disarmingly professional in its manipulation of stealthy surprise.

A Mary Stewart omnibus reissue is especially welcome. The Baroness Orczy of her day, hopelessly derivative, revamping settings and situations without any evident twinge of shame amid the ouzo and the Ambre Solaire, she is the queen of holiday hokum, anodyne, uncomplicated and as deleterious to critical sensitivity as fudge to a carious tooth. Best of these three (the others are *My Brother Michael* and *The Moon Spinners*) is *This Rough Magic*, a jolly romp in Corfu, gift-wrapped in allusions to *The Tempest.*

Enoch Powell

A NATION OR NO NATION?

Six years in British Politics

£5·50

Speeches of Enoch Powell 1972–1977, edited and with a commentary by

Richard Ritchie

192 pages; 0 7134 1542 8

BATSFORD
4 Fitzhardinge Street, London W1H OAH.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Julian Barnes

Wonn-Nil

Put it this way: has the 1978 World Cup been among the 29 best viewing experiences of your life? Before you rush to denial, try naming two dozen better ones (the Churchill funeral? *The Forsyte Saga*? a corgi event or two? *That Was the Week That Was*? – let's see you get past ten). The question isn't arbitrarily phrased. *New York* magazine has just published its list of the 29 best moments on American TV in the last 25 years. Over here we ritually disparage their TV; yet, even if many of their best tube experiences are merely riding on the back of American history, the list is still impressive. The Watergate hearings; the moon landings; the Checkers speech; the McCarthy hearings; 'Ruby v Oswald', as the murder is quaintly billed; the Symbionese Liberation Army shoot-out. What are our equivalents of these: the anti-TV screens went up pretty quickly, for example, at the end of Balcombe Street; and the screens go up pretty quickly round public misdemeanours (Frost v Savundra — was that on your list?). Moreover, given the sheer quantity of American TV put out, the chance of bizarre happenings is inevitably greater: I can't think, offhand, of our equivalent of the nutrition expert on the Dick Cavett show announcing 'I'm so healthy that I expect to live on and on' and promptly dropping dead of a heart attack (1971); or Vidal calling Buckley a crypto-Nazi (1968); or a Florida talk-show hostess putting a gun to her head and pulling the trigger (1974); or even Jackie Gleason breaking a leg (1954) – though perhaps Gilbert Harding bursting into tears is about on a par with that. As for Tiny Tim's on-screen wedding to Miss Vicki, we can, I suppose, just about match that with the nuptials of our own equestrian sausage-heir.

So, before you get to 15 on your list (Borg v Gerulaitis?) you might be slotting in an exciting, goalful and unpredictable World Cup. For all the preliminary dago-bashing about Argentinian television (the chappies hadn't even transmitted in colour before), the technical standard was high, the only irritating directorial trick being that of cutting away during play for a shot of one of the managers. The British commentators were largely adequate, and even their charming ineptitudes, at which we love to sneer, had their own discernible character. There was the bar-room bubbliness of Hugh Johns – 'Big strong fellow, runs a flower shop, but he's no daisy'; the sharp social awareness of Gerry Harrison – 'bit of a smoothie the number ten, owns a discotheque in Nice, plays bridge and chess'; the unreconstructed Colemanism of Alan Weeks – 'Oh, and the Tunisians are growing as the game goes on' (this was in contrast to the Scots: as Paddy Crerand complained after the second Cubillas goal, 'they've got all the midgets in the Scottish wall'); the prepared chirpiness of Barry Davies – 'One of the three Andersons in the Swedish camp: Hans Christian didn't make the last 22'; the yelping yobisms of John Motson – 'The players really produce something out the ordinary'; and the cocksureness of David Coleman – 'Wonn-nil' he confides, as if he'd predicted it all along and now would be a good time to go and get the ale out of the fridge (he did this with damning and, one hoped, curative prematureness during Peru v Argentina; far from wonn-nil, it ended nil-six).

But having said that (a Greenwoodism which quickly spread to both BBC and ITV panels), the commentaries were largely clear and accurate. The exciting if sub-vintage final was topped up with theatre: a counter-marching Garibaldi band; the confetti of torn-up newspaper; the honking flocks of rubber-bulbed horns; the odd, unmilitary thumbs-up from Videla at the end. On top of this, what Lawrie McMenemy calls 'the peyce of the geyme', and its emotionally tiring structure. Before the match Brian Clough, humbled by rubbing shoulders with Cruyff, confessed to three weeks of error; and during it, David Coleman came up with a real corker – 'Ernst Happel in the Dutch dressing-gown . . . or rather Dutch dressing-room'. Lucky he didn't start telling us how many Dutch caps there were on the field. And then, suddenly, with an unrepenting '*Three*-wonn', the sublime event was all over. 'They've won and lost the World Cup, these two teams', David summed up, in a voice lousy with emotion; a theory stolen (without acknowledgment) and sagaciously developed by Jimmy Hill into a final epitaph: 'Losing is as much a part of football as winning.'

The South Bank Show (LWT) also picked up the Argentinian theme this week; it continued to celebrate the celebrated with a feature on Hal Prince, the American producer-director of *Evita* (if you've never quite understood the difference between a producer and director, you'd have learnt that one of the producer's jobs is to pick the director: small trouble for Prince). He seemed to be hard-working, a skilful if curt handler of actors, and I'm ready to believe he has directed several of the world's best 29 musicals; but the programme offered little clue as to why he's held to be the most outstanding member of his profession. Perhaps everyone else is no bloody good at all. Acolytes and collaborators queued up to pay homage; Clive Barnes (a strangely shabby and unconvincing creature for one so famous) made the pencil fall from the hand with the banality of his praise. Only a grumpy set-designer, whose work was getting some constructive criticism from Prince, disturbed the tone of limpid awe. His set, for *A Girl of the Golden West*, consisted of a store front backed by a mountain range. The proportions, Prince complained, were all wrong; the store should be smaller; it should really be small enough to come up through a trap, otherwise it might dwarf the mountain; it was important that the audience respond properly to the mountain; the mountain was, after all, the point of the set. Eventually the set designer, testy at being put down on camera, could stand it no more: 'I suggested the fucking mountain in the first place,' he growled *sotto voce*.

We were told about Prince's view of the 'conceptual musical', which appeared to mean that the director thought of the show as a whole work not just a series of sketches (i.e. thought of it as ordinary theatre directors have always thought of plays). But the main suggestion about why Prince was so extraordinary was that 'he likes to take chances'. These chances, as far as one could gather, were mainly financial. On one show, he lost over $400,000; on another, over $200,000. But then, if he got a hit, which he got at least as often as a miss, it made vastly more money; $10m. profit on *Fiddler on the Roof*; $2⅛m. profit on *West Side Story*. Chances like that, more of us wouldn't object to having a go at taking.

Sport

Russell Davies

Hey, Juve

The Dutch must be kicking themselves (well, it makes a change), but I would feel worst if I were an Italian. The foolishness of their last two World Cup performances outdid anything that the Scots had managed, at least on the field of play. I realise this is the ire of the disappointed fan, but really . . . To take a one-goal lead and then sit on it, as though stumped for another attacking idea, is a policy it would be daft to pursue even once, let alone twice; but this team allowed Holland and Brazil, in turn, the time and space to convince themselves that Italy weren't even going to try to score again. Defeat inevitably followed: once the equalisers in each case had arrived, the Italians could not get back into an attacking pattern.

In the semi-final game, this was Bearzot's fault as much as anybody else's: the manager can hardly keep spreading the legend of his efforts to coax a defensive team (Juventus) into an attacking, international frame of mind when he himself hauls Causio off at half-time. The man who should have come off, well though he had played, was Benetti, as soon as he was booked. Benetti, as we were saying two weeks ago, was always unlikely to reach the final, and this second booking indeed disqualified him; whereafter his game oscillated between the understandably disconsolate and the dangerously reckless. Benetti himself, perhaps, had nothing to lose, but his team would have been reduced to ten men if he'd been sent off – another excellent reason for bringing forward his departure in favour of a striker. Altogether this game was a condensed version of the European Cup semi-final between Juventus and Bruges, where 'Juve' scored one at home, but gradually lost the will to attack in the away leg and lost 1-2. The whole world (including the Italian First

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Division) now knows what to do against Juventus: give them a goal as a placebo, and then take them apart.

The Final was a dismal experience on the whole, ill-organised as an event and ill-controlled as a game. The home side won because Kempes retained his Gerd Müller-type stability when in possession in and around the penalty area; in a match where nobody kept his head, it was enough that one man kept his feet. Argentina are certainly the most fortunate champions since England in 1966, their wins against both France and Poland having turned on moments of extreme good fortune. Even the swamping of Peru was achieved only after Peru had hit the post so unluckily that commentator David Coleman . . . well, see Julian Barnes's column for the full heap of commentator David Coleman's enormities. Argentina were beaten by Italy as well – but small consolation that is, either to Italy or to me.

Tennis, being a branch of American show-business, is full of overpaid and over-idolised bores, many of whom go through the year behaving like Sarah Bernhardt on two legs. So Wimbledon must be maintained at all costs, not just because it's played on grass, which is nice and restful to the eyes of the TV audience (and highly nerve-racking to the slithering, clay-trained idols), but because Wimbledon seems to have the knack of making even ultima ballerinas like Nastase cut the crap. This is probably because the tournament is run by Tory-colonel types. Wimbledon, you know, is the last Great Purpose that society has been able to find for the Tory colonel. When this blazered, mastodontic breed has almost vanished from the face of the earth, naturalists will doubtless find the last three or four of them nuzzling shyly at the corner of the Centre Court turf. They must soon become a protected breed, maintained to impress (as they certainly do) the visiting Americans.

One thing Wimbledon must tighten up, though, is the standard of line-judging. It's a question of personnel. Every time the camera searches a judge out for a close-up (after Nastase has tabled one of his lengthy motions of no confidence for example), the offending person turns out to be of pensionable age and wearing glasses an inch thick. Now I have nothing against myopic oldsters – nay, I hope I may be spared long enough to join their ranks – but I do think that of the people parked at the end of lines at Wimbledon, as few as possible should have difficulty in focusing on distant flying objects. One or two of the specimens I have spied have looked suspiciously like James Joyce. They goggle back at the flailing Nastase (or whomsoever is flailing in for him) like something rather depressed at the very bottom of an aquarium. No wonder the hairy man loses such small shreds of his cool as remain.

My literary editor is furious with me for privately predicting a 3-1 win for Argentina in the World Cup, while submitting to him for publication various other predictions that have failed (narrowly, I may say) to earn the ratification of history. So I will now push my luck down a more pessimistic vein by forecasting doomily that the horrible Connors will win the men's title at Wimbledon, and that the women's will be won by that gradually more bearable girl (who nonetheless has what my Uncle Don used to call a smell-of-gas face): Chrissie Evert.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Atrocity Exhibition

Evita *Prince Edward*
Flying Blind *Royal Court*
The Dance of Death *Aldwych*
Bartholomew Fair *Young Vic*

To say that *Evita* is at least twice as good as any other British musical of the past 15 years might only be to proclaim the virtues of the steam-pump over those of the hand-winch; but, in fact, its first three-fifths is stunning even by transatlantic standards of theatrical turbo-power. Indeed, 'stunning' is too paltry a plaudit for a number in which upper-crust Buenos Aires shunts and crumbles across the stage in a liverish frieze of frock-coats, top hats and canes, while the military stamps, wheels and aggressively prances in dark glasses, both parties jointly lamenting the rise of the whore-in-office. Lest I be accused of critical chauvinism, let me quickly admit that the show's visual bravura, and especially the panache with which it projects a hoi polloi as ramshackle and excited as the one we saw exploding all over the River Plate stadium last Sunday, is largely due to Harold Prince, an all-American import with an unmatched record of successful production. But the educated, arresting music and lyrics come from our own Rice and Lloyd Webber. Our Joss Ackland is the evening's plush and commending Peron, black hair slicked back behind a face of yellow wax, his smile forever twisting into a dictator's pout, his fruity, full-vowelled voice suddenly spiralling into the kind of elongated yowl you hear from South American commentators when the soccer gets climactic, so that his 'Evita' becomes the equivalent of 'goal'. And Evita herself is our Elaine Paige, as feisty and strident a leading lady as you could expect to find outside tap-room Texas.

That's the right emphasis given Eva's authenticated character, which was vindictive and tended to megalomania. She did something for her nation's Indians, more for its *descamisados*, or shirtless ones, still more for its oppressed women, but most of all for Eva; and the authors are wickedly accurate when they let her sum up her sympathies in the ironic cry, 'I am Argentina.' Two things are missing, though. First, adequate recognition of the brutality of the Peron partnership, which always owed much to European varieties of fascism and, at least in the early days, was capable of a savage anti-Semitism. Second, sufficient information. Why, for instance, no proper explanation of the significant moment when Peron commits what was, to well-bred Argentinians, the social atrocity of removing his jacket, thus publicly identifying with the *descamisados*? The show's operatic style, its insistence on transforming narrative into recitative and putting it into the mouth of a wryly omnipresent Che Geuvara, isn't the best way of making complicated detail comprehensible; and, in any case, the proceedings drift and languish somewhat in the second half, after Eva has returned home from swapping falangist salutes with Franco and diplomatic snubs with the British FO. But if the final achievement is less than we'd come to expect by our interval ice-creams, it is far bigger than we'd dared hope before the curtain rose: a musical, believe it or not, worth seeing *and* hearing.

Bill Morrison has consolidated a reputation in Stoke, Liverpool and other points north; but it's in Ulster that he was born and to Ulster that his first major London showing looks for a subject. *Flying Blind* dumps us in the scatty and disorganised home of a travelling salesman specialising in tranquillisers, an apt setting, trade and title given the author's view of his native land, a place where the blinkered exploit the zonked and the myopic terrorise the high. But the tone, as so often when Irish writers peer into the pit, is far from dour or sour. An incompetent assassin struggles to adjust his National Health specs over his UDA hood; the world-weary protagonist and his busty neighbour, confronted with a jittery-fingered IRA, promptly strip off and prepare to make love; and then, as suddenly and accidentally as in O'Casey's *Plough* or Behan's *Hostage,* a gun goes off and there's a body on the Axminster carpet. Mr Morrison is for sex and laughter and against impotence and death, to which the obvious reaction is, who isn't? But Alan Dossor's direction, aided by humorous performances from Peter Postlethwaite and Rachel Bell, wrenches the wheels clear of sentimentality, didacticism and the other perils lurking in the path of an over ambitious playwright, and the author himself ends by emerging as what he surely is, a formidable talent and – if categorise him we provisionally can – a Feydeau of the charnel-house.

The RSC's *Dance of Death* is, as it should be, both of Strindberg's plays by that name, the first a murderous marital wrangle, the second the same quarrel reworked and rebalanced, with the husband more powerful, the wife more defensive, and a lovelorn younger generation about to step into their shoes. At times, the only possible response is awe at the intensity of the sexual hostility and at the perceptiveness of an author capable, way back in 1900, of groping into the uglier recesses of conjugal collusion; at times, irritation at the stagey writing, the erratically shifting viewpoint, and the presence of a confidant, butt and victim who adds up to no more than a series of gormless platitudes. Alan David can do little with this part except look long-suffering, like a whipped camel; but Emrys James revels in what's perhaps a somewhat overblown production, lacking nuance and finesse. His tiny, scrubbed Edgar is marvellously baleful and bitter, nastier by far than Sheila Allen's Alice, whose worst trait is triumph at his setbacks, glee at his impending death. For once, the woman emerges from Strindberg's moral sauna marginally cleaner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than the man: odd, unexpected, discomforting.

Michael Bogdanov's first production for the company whose director he's just become bodes no sharp switch of house style and tradition. The mood of *Bartholomew Fair* is frolicsome, the costumes cheekily updated, so that the nosey magistrate who confides that 'this latter disguise I have borrowed of a porter' is, in fact, tooled out for platform duty at Victoria. It's all very Young Vic, but not always very Ben Jonson, much of whose play is vivid period documentary and some of whose invention is pretty harsh. Bogdanov does, it's true, try to darken the atmosphere at the moment when a naïve little wife, put on the game by Smithfield pimps, vomits up her quota of alcohol through gaudy red lips; but by then it's too late. The spirit of harmlessness has won.

Films

John Coleman

Kids' Stuff

The Main Actor (X) *Scala, Tottenham Street*
Game of Death (X) *Warner 2; Scene 1; Classic 1, Oxford Street, ABCs Fulham and Edgware Roads*
American Hot Wax (A) *Plaza 3*
I Wanna Hold Your Hand (A) *Ritz*

Every once in a very long while, it has crossed my mind to go further into the subsequent fates of juvenile amateur actors imported for a single role by a director because they so much *looked* the part: how you gonna get them back on the farm now that they seen Paree? and so on? This surrogate parental qualm – let it be admitted – has never resulted in the requisite research. But one thinks of the wise, sad child in *The Bicycle Thieves,* the Keatonesque loner in Olmi's *Il Posto* (the word there went that the lad simply returned to the factory where Olmi found him), the astonishing Jean-Pierre Cargol in Truffaut's *L'Enfant Sauvage*. And, related to any such inquiry, would surely go the question of directorial responsibility. Now a West German director new to me, one Reinhard Hauff, has at least found himself ruffled enough to pursue the matter somewhat, to report back with a pretty dusty answer. *The Main Actor* turns out to be a bit of a lead balloon in the event, but the event itself is interesting enough in a dozy week.

The background to it runs like this. In 1975, Hauff made a film called *Paule Pauländer*. His teenager hero subsequently decided that he wanted to leave home, forge a new life. Herr Hauff was in a quandary. Whether he was able to help the kid (and whether, even, it is the same kid, three years older, that he has used in *The Main Actor*) I don't know, relevant info being rather thin on the ground: what I do know is that he has got something off his chest or breast without beating it too heavily. His characteristically New German Cinema plot is fuzzy, haphazard, 'authentic' in a way I discover myself distrusting more and more, and to attempt to retail much of it would be a lost cause. Basically, though, it is highly predictable. Max (Vadim Glowna), the moviemaker within the movie, is on his last day's shooting of *Pepe's Life*. Pepe (Michael Schweiger) is the 15-year-old son of a loutish farmer, whose idea of fun it is to invite him in while he spreads a local whore. The thug-dad also has his moment in the film-within-a-film when his son is incited to run him over. Filming finished, Pepe goes delinquent, out to get Max if only through trying to flog a story to a newspaper, setting fire to the cinema where *Pepes Leben* is being premiered, finally walking off, away and away, deeply scratching the bodywork of cars.

Before this, at a rough-cut showing, someone has murmured, 'The ending is a bit too brutal'. 'I didn't make it for the YMCA,' snaps Max. No, the outer film implies, you made it for yourself and you have spoilt a young life in the process. Belatedly, I realise the domestic endeavours of flabby, unsympathetic Max's to make amends to the boy – too late and unavailing – have stuck in both my memory and craw rather more than I anticipated. It is really not very good, but it is there, a shade better than therapy for Reinhard Hauff.

To come briskly to some commercial product aimed at your nabe dream-palaces, there is a warmed-up Bruce Lee, *Game of Death*, a foot in everybody else's mouth from beyond the grave. To appear five years after your demise 'in mysterious circumstances' in a 1978 length of kung-foolery is – one repeats oneself – no mean feet. What appears to have happened is that he had early performed a spectacularly acrobatic and improbable fight sequence (the one, I think, where he whoops and kicks and aims dirty tricks at some sort of badman Harlem Globetrotter near the end) and – waste not, want not – both another whirling botherer (Kim Tai Jong) and fragments from the cutting-room floor of Lee himself were rudely assembled in and around Hong Kong to furnish a composite superman film star, Billy Lo, at odds with a palish Dr No syndicate dedicated to making him one of their creatures. The outcome is at once risibly foolish and unlaughably necrophiliac. Lee was an athlete: this is flaccid.

States-side, they persist in re-visiting their pop past. *American Hot Wax* settles on 1959 and a New York disc jockey, Alan Freed (unattractive Tim McIntire), who shoves rock'n'roll down his eager young audience's ear-drums against the wishes of his bosses. The District Attorney's office is even more perturbed. Unfazed, messianic Freed pushes right on, genially auditioning a black quartet and a white girl song-writer who hang around his studio-steps, even giving them their big break in his warned-off live show at the Brooklyn Paramount (which features the by now faintly superannuated Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis among its attractions). But the kids do riot, the fuzz moves in, and a last title tells us Freed was indicted and died a few years later a broken man. Humph. There are some snappy lines and sequences. I just wish I cared more about very loud noise called music and could, anyway, believe that the birth of Rock was remotely like this.

The final pop offering, *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*, is a farce, with minimal ingenuity, about four New Jersey girls in 1964, going Beatlemaniac about the Liverpudlians' announced appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show (Will Jordan doing a goodish, smug impersonation of the MC): after hotel capers with lifts and cops that went out before even Abbott and Costello disinterred them, the lasses achieve happy endings. Lucky things. I gather these two desperate items will go on a tandem general unleash from Sunday. Lock up your daughters.

Opera

Peter Conrad

Bared for Judgment

Luisa Miller *Covent Garden*

Inside Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe* an opera is waiting to escape. Verdi released it in *Luisa Miller*. Schiller's play contrasts the artificial rigours of social class with the natural affectionate equality between people, and invokes music as a symbol of this democratic harmony. Miller (in Verdi a retired solder) is in Schiller a fiddler in the municipal orchestra; Ferdinand (Verdi's Rodolfo) ingratiates with Luise's family by pretending to want flute lessons; Luise entertains Ferdinand by playing the piano. In the play music harmonises and regulates insurgent passions. Ferdinand, goaded into a rage by Luise's renunciation, seizes a violin and tries to play on it, then punishes it for its inability to soothe him, ripping the strings apart and smashing the instrument on the floor. Music in the opera isn't a cautionary placation of passion: instead Verdi grants it to his lowly, victimised characters as their only means of spiritual redress. Music is the assertion of their humanity, which society cramps or denies.

Schiller's Luise looks forward to a judgment day when hierarchy will be confounded. The opera is that second coming. In singing Verdi's seraphic melodies, Schiller's characters become uprisen souls, transfigured by lyricism. Against the restrictions of social caste, Schiller proposes an elective aristocracy of mind. On the judgment day, Luise says, she will be accounted rich, for tears will then be treasures and fine thoughts formidable ancestors. Verdi grants her wish by creating an aristocracy of song and ennobling Schiller's bourgeois characters for the beauty of their singing, not for their mental distinction. Song in Verdi is the soul's victory over the body, its escape from material cares. Many of his finest arias are prayers – Desdemona's 'Ave Maria', Leonora's 'Pace', Aida's 'Numi, pietà' – and his grandest opera is his requiem mass, in which the singers, liberated from the distractions of operatic intrigue, are selfless disembodied angels. Luisa's most moving lyrical moments are prayers of anguish – when humiliated by Walter, she asks God why, if she was created in his image, she should be so persecuted; when solicited by Wurm, she accepts God's chastisement but begs not to be abandoned to wicked men – or of pious resignation, when the church organ prompts her to say her last prayer in the cottage.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The opera's ensembles musically act out Schiller's day of reckoning. In one of these, Luisa's voice begs God to shield her from her accusers, while her father appeals to divine retribution; in another, when Luisa is made to perjure herself before the Duchess, the orchestra is silenced, leaving the voices to solitary contemplation of their private shame, joy or jealous contempt. Unobscured by the orchestra, the voices are souls bared for judgment: on the final day, Ferdinand promises in the play, the varnish will be stripped from every lie.

Verdi sanctifies Schiller's grotesques. In the play Miller is a gruff curmudgeon who when Luise threatens suicide chides her for forgetting her responsibility to look after him in his dotage; in the opera he is an entirely altruistic patriarch. Even the villainy of Walter is merely an inversion of Miller's paternal devotion: Walter does wrong, he explains, only in care of Rodolfo. The play is about love as a danger to the constitution of society, but the opera is about love as the concrescence of the family. Fathers protect their children, Walter arranging an advantageous match for Rodolfo (in the play it is a squalid, hypocritical alliance with a cast-off mistress), Miller drawing his sword to vindicate Luisa; children likewise protect their parents: as Walter kills to embellish Rodolfo's prospects, so Rodolfo conceals an incriminating truth to spare his father, and Luisa submits to Wurm to save her father's life.

In Covent Garden's new production, Katia Ricciarelli sings like the angel Verdi intended Luisa to be, and looks appropriately unearthly, with her skeletal frame, silver hair and strange depilated brows. Her Rodolfo is Luciano Pavarotti, who may not be an angel but is at least a sacred monster. Being a star, he disdains to act. Instead he lends Rodolfo his own qualities, transforming Schiller's heady neurotic into an amorous bull-calf. His mannerisms are absurd yet entrancing. There is much less of him than before: the unwieldy globe of flesh has been starved into an approximation of human shape, but the repertory of physical jerks is intact. He still bounces on tiptoe before emitting high notes, clenches and kisses his fists to register pensiveness, grimaces to register passion, and appears before the curtain with eyes raptly closed, panting and nodding as if to signal his agreement with the audience's hysterical approval. He even excites Filippo Sanjust's sets: at one point he bumped into a tree, and it shuddered emphatically. He looks so bemused by the ravishing sounds he produces – ranging from soft fluttering plangency to steely brilliance – that he can be forgiven for his childlike enjoyment of the applause: he accepts it on behalf of the voice secreted inside that pudding of a body.

Leo Nucci replaced the ailing Ingvar Wixell as Miller. His singing was sturdy but loud, and his acting (a series of cataleptic seizures) even louder. Lorin Maazel made his debut at Covent Garden as conductor, and announced his arrival with intermittent bursts of brass and thunders of drums. He claims to admire the domestic delicacy of the score, but chose in the event to emphasise its violence and frenzy. The hyperbolic uproar which resulted at least served to startle Ricciarelli (in other roles wilting and phlegmatic) and Pavarotti into performances of rare intensity, and to arouse in the audience the jubilant enthusiasm Italian opera demands as its meed.

Art

John Spurling

Losing Face

20th-Century Portraits *National Portrait Gallery at Carlton House Terrace*

Elizabeth Vellacott *New Art Centre*

Since the main tendency of 20th-century art has been to put the painter and the picture before the subject-matter, portrait-painting has inevitably run into difficulties. It is still a thriving commercial craft, of course, serving boardrooms, colleges and private patrons, but its survival as an art – which Robin Gibson's exhibition for the National Portrait Gallery triumphantly demonstrates – is due paradoxically to its having surrendered its separate identity. Gibson cites Modigliani as an artist whose oeuvre largely consists of portraits, but he is unusual; painting a portrait has become, like painting a still-life, a landscape or even (word hateful to Gibson's ear) an abstract, a matter of the artist developing his approach to the canvas around a particular motif. There are a few more or less traditional portraits from the first decade of the century in this show – Renoir's and Bonnard's versions of the art-dealer Vollard, Lovis Corinth's dramatically lit *Gerhart Hauptmann* and Glyn Philpot's glamorous, Whistlerian *Lady Packe* – but the best of the rest are paintings whose subjects happen to be individual people.

The show is especially strong on Expressionists. Here indeed the answer to the modern portrait, at least as Van Gogh foresaw it, might have been found: 'by way of our impassioned expressions, using as means of expression and exaltation of character our science and modern taste for colour.' The Expressionists' forceful lines and bold colours, their readiness publicly to psychoanalyse and even caricature their sitters – as in Egon Schiele's extraordinary painting of a father-son relationship and Otto Dix's view of Adolf Uzarski as a kind of electric spider – dispel completely the stable air of respectability associated with portrait-painting. But although the sitters usually remain physically recognisable (the exhibition usefully includes photographs of most of them), one cannot be so sure about their psyches, swept up as they are into the masterfully tormented psyches of the painters. The poet Max Hermann-Neisse, in Ludwig Meidner's portrait, appears to be undergoing some fearful experience (perhaps an interrogation or the laying bare of a trauma) which is rapidly reducing him to a quivering wreck. Yet we learn from the sitter's own account that he himself 'used to sit motionless as a statue, but he [Meidner], possessed by the demon of his art, stormed round me and visibly took it out on all the devils who had it in for him, a battle for existence or extinction'.

The Cubists, on the other hand, tend to mislay the sitter in the re-assemblage of his parts. Stravinsky complained that Albert Gleizes' portrait of him was 'my moustache plus what-have-you', and even Picasso's remarkable likeness of the ubiquitous Vollard, a brownish face swimming up out of a mass of grey splinters like an apparition in a magic mirror, makes you more astonished at what such an artist can do in spite of Cubism than because of it. But it's a fine balance between too much artist and, in all the paintings of public figures and some of those of paying patrons, too much sitter. Whereas Soutine has transformed his lifelong patron Madeleine Castaing from the poised and beautiful woman she appears in her photograph into a memorable image of the fears and miseries of the very rich, two brazenly sycophantic artists, Fujita and Van Dongen, have turned their identical sitter, the pianist Felicia Blumental, from an elderly plain person into two versions of a romantic princess many years younger.

In the end it is the non-theoretical, peculiarly personal distortions which work best as both portraits and paintings: among many others, Tchelitchew's wedge-shaped, coffee-coloured James Joyce, Stanley Spencer's hypnotised view of his mistress Patricia Preece looming out of the canvas, David Hockney's portrait of his parents lit with a red glow and posed awkwardly against a bare wall of his studio as if they were halfway between real people and the carved wooden figures of ancestors. This fascinating exhibition, which also contains sculpture, is above all a celebration of the idiosyncratic riches of 20th-century figurative art.

Elizabeth Vellacott is not in any ordinary sense a portrait-painter, though one of the most haunting paintings in her show at the New Art Centre (Sloane Street, London SW1) includes a recognisable portrait of the writer Lucy Boston. Vellacott's paintings – done very thinly and luminously on wood – are like distant, 20th-century echoes of Arthur Devis's 18th-century conversation-pieces, the figures neatly proportioned to their settings so that neither seems to dominate, the apparent naïveté of the individual poses belied by the sophistication with which the surface as a whole is organised. But whereas Devis shows solid, named squires and their families in proud possession of their Georgian interiors and moderately extensive grounds, Vellacott's people are flat and semi-anonymous, defined by the bright, clear colours of their clothes rather than by their faces (which are usually blank like those of the women on Matisse's balconies), their interior settings strangely flimsy and reminiscent of stage-sets, their landscape idealised. Although there is nothing overtly mysterious about most of these paintings – the figures are gathered to listen to musicians, picnicking in an orchard, watching a bonfire or gathering pebbles on a beach – all have a sense of some underlying ritual quite foreign to Devis's contented landowners.

Yet both are domestic versions of Eden: Devis's a materially acquired, occupied and duly recorded one, Vellacott's a dreamed or perhaps remembered one, whose reality consists in the spectator being brought temporarily to envisage and possess it. Where Devis's Eden depends on the spectator identifying with the owner of the real place or at any rate becoming his guest, Vellacott's is created between the spectator and the artist. One shares the dream or memory of the scene because one shares the abstract relationship of colour, pattern and movement through gesture which animate it. Compare the wholly different effect of Vellacott's naturalistic drawings of woods, rivers and rocks which, equally precise

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and sensitive, still serve what is seen rather than what is felt. Devis can take an objective view of people, Vellacott only of unpeopled corners of nature. The conversation-piece, like the portrait, is alive and well, but both have become subjective experiences.

Weekend Competition

No 2521 **Set by Gerry Hamill**

The National Stud at Newmarket has recently been closed to the public because of an epidemic of equine VD. Write a verse warning to fillies and colts about the dangers of promiscuity. Sixteen lines max; by 14 July.

Result of No 2518 **Set by Ms de Meaner**

We asked for examples of the double dactyl, the form invented by Anthony Hecht and John Hollander (and first published in *Jiggery-Pokery*, New York, 1967).

Report **by Al Fresco**

No doubt about it: one of the great comps. A huge and talented entry: I leave all the space to you. Two quid a shot.

Higgledy-piggledy
Dorothy Carrington
Kissed Lytton Strachey, who
Woke up confused.

Language deserted him,
'Unsatisfactory'
Finally being the
Adjective used.

'Oedipus-schmoedipus,'
Frieda von Richtofen,
Hurling a frying pan,
Tearfully cried.

'Mein Gott, Lorenzo, you're
Incomprehensible.
Are you a son or a
Lover? Decide!'

Huggery-muggery
Saxo Grammaticus
As a historian
Hadn't much flair.

One might have said he was
Supererogatory
Had he not mentioned the
Hamlet Affair.

JAMES MICHIE

Oom-papah-oom-papah,
Ludwig Van Beethoven
Vamped at the piano with
Only one thumb.

Though he played loudly and
Uncontrapuntally
That's how he hit on his
'Da-da-da-*dum*'.

Tra-la-la-Tra-la-la,
Samuel Coleridge
Scribbled a ballad that
Went with a lilt.

God and two Saras (one
Anagrammatical)
Then brought dejection and
Opium and guilt.

Rookery-nookery
Alfred Lord Tennyson
Sits in the shrubbery
Gloomy and pale:

Chronic virginity's
Psychosomatical,
Maud is a penis and
Hallam's the Grail.

JOHN FULLER

Higgledy-piggledy
Herbert von Karajan
Didn't think much of the
Sets at Bayreuth.

Why, he enquired, did the
Todesverkündigung
Have to take place on a
Huge plastic quoit?

Jiggery-pokery
Alice B. Toklas's
Gimmicks with Gert kept 'em
Both in the news.

Asked who had written that
Autobiography
Gert said, 'a ruse is a
Ruse is a ruse'.

JIMMIE PEARSE

Pittery-pattery
Christopher Chataway
Ran round the track in O-
Lympian style;

Extraforaneous,
Peripatetical,
Physiologically
Built for the mile.

JOHN BENNETT

Vanity-vanity
Admiral Collingwood
Won all his battles, but
Nobody cares.

Nelson, remembered for
Monocularity,
Got all the kudos and
Climbed all the stairs.

E. S. GOODWILL

Clippety-cloppety
Dorian Williams
Seldom if ever to
Anguish succumbs

Save when the Royals make
Anticlimactical
Cock-ups at jump-orfs and
Land on their bums.

MARGERY HILL

Diggery-duggery
Adam the Gardener
Sweated for years in the
Sunday Express.

Grew every veg in the
Encyclopedia:
I live on meat, so I
Couldn't care less.

W. S. BROWNLIE

Higgledy-piggledy
Christopher Cockerell,
Pitying victims of
(Ugh!) *mal de mer,*

Hit on an antidote
Anti-emetical:
Skimming the waves on a
Cushion of air.

MARTIN FAGG

Folkery-fakery
William of Normandy
Landed illegally,
1066;

Hopeless at English, his
Francophonicity
Fostered our language's
Lexical mix.

KNARF SLEINAND

Tinkerty-tonkerty
Judas Iscariot
Set up the deal that de-
feated Old Nick;

Given this level of
Teleological
Usefulness knocking him
Seems a bit thick.

PETER WOMACK

Higgledy-piggledy
Vladimir Nabokov –
Wait, hasn't somebody
Made a mistake?

Out of such errors Vla-
dimir Nabokov could
Sesquipedalian
Paragraphs make.

N. C. ANDREW

Jiggery-pokery
Jacqueline Kennedy
Buried one husband, and
Married anew.

Love, less Platonic than
Aristotelian,
Didn't last long, for she
Buried him too.

JONATHAN HAMILTON

Xanadu-xanadee
Samuel Coleridge
Stuck with his Kubla Khan
Thought up a ruse.

Laying the blame on a
Perambulatory
Person from Porlock was
Just an excuse.

JOYCE JOHNSON

Stay-At-Home-Fey-At-Home
Emily Dickinson
Wrote – in a Kind of Un-
dotty – Clipt – Morse –

Capital Letters – God –
Lucifrugosity –
Dashes – a Cart before
Such a Dark Horse!

GAVIN EWART

Higgledy-piggledy
Christopher Isherwood
Thinks he's a camera,
What a strange bloke!

Spurns all the things that tempt
Heterosexuals,
Goes for Berlin and Ba-
Chardy and coke.

R. KERR

Hiptimus-hoptimus
Jupiter Optimus
Visited Earth in the
Form of a swan . . .

Leda pretended to
Parthenogenesis;
Heaven, she said, had been
Egging her on.

GINA BERKELEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tony Miles

Chess

No 89 **May Problems**

Problem 82 (8/8/2k5/p1p5/PpP1p1p1/3rP1P1/2K2P2/5R2) was taken from the game Miles v Larsen, Bugojno '78. Best is 1. K-N2, R-Q7ch; (If R-B6, 2.R-B1 and 1 . . .P-N6 gives no trouble after 2.R-KR1, R-Q7ch; 3.KxP, RxP; 4.R-R4 etc) 2.K-N3, K-Q3; 3.R-KR1, RxP; 4.R-R6ch, K-K2; 5.R-R7ch, K-B3; (or R-B2, RxRch draws) 6.R-R6ch, K-N2; 7.R-R7ch, KxR stalemate. I overlooked this, and instead played 1.R-KR1, which I expected to draw comfortably. As it happens it does hold, but far from comfortably. The main lines are: 1.R-KR1, R-B6ch; 2.K-N2, RxP; 3.R-R6ch, K-Q4; 4.R-R5ch, K-K3; 5.R-R6ch, K-B4; 6.R-R5ch! K-B3; (If K-N3; 7.R-K5! holds) 7.R-R6ch, K-N4; R-R6 (Not R-K6? K-B4) R-B6; 9.RxP, K-B4; 10.R-R8, K-K4; 11.P-R5, K-Q4; 12.P-R6, K-B5; 13.P-R7, R-R6; 14.R-K8, RxRP; 15.RxPch, K-N4; (or K-Q6; 16.RxP, R-QB2; 17.R-N8, P-B5; 18.R-Q8ch, K-K7; 19.R-QN8) 16 RxP, P-B5; 17.R-N5ch! K-R5; 18.R-N8 draws. It is vital in this line to force the Black king to the KN file. Thus 6.R-R6 loses: R-B6; 7.RxP, K-K4; 8.R-R8, K-Q4; 9.P-R5, K-B5; 10.P-R6, R-Q6!; 11.P-R7, R-Q7ch; 12.K-N1 (If K-B1, R-R7;13.K-N1, P-N6 wins) K-N6; 13.K-B1, R-R7; 14.R-QB8, RxP; 15.RxP, R-R8ch; 16.K-Q2, R-R7ch; 17.K-K1, K-R6 etc.

Problem 83 (2r5/kb5p/p5q1/2bpp3/Q3N3/5B2/1PP3PP/1K1R4) came from Kuzmin v Tukmakov USSR Championship '77. White obtains a clear advantage by the positional exchange sacrifice 1.RxP! Now if 1 . . . BxR; 2.Q-Q7ch, K-N1; (on 2 . . . K-N3 either 3.QxB or 3.QxR, BxN; 4.Q-N8ch, K-R4; 5.P-N4ch, BxP; 6.QxPch etc. Or 2 . . . B-N2; 3.N-Q6) 3.QxB, B-Q5; not 4.N-B5? as I carelessly gave, because of 4 . . . OxPch! 5.KxQ, RxNch drawing but just 4.P-B3 picking up a second pawn with a decisive positional advantage (Note that 4.N-B3, K-B2; is not so clear). The game concluded 1.RxP, B-B3; 2.R-Q7ch, K-N1; 3.Q-N3ch, B-N4; 4.N-Q6, R-B2; 5.R-Q8ch Resigns (K-R2; 6.R-R8ch, K-N3; 7.N-B4 mate).

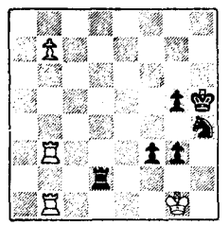
Problem 84 (3rrbk1/1pq2p1p/p1bpp1p1/2n2P2/P2BP3/2NB4/1PP2QPP/3R1R1K) came from Panchenko v Stean, Las Palmas '78. 1.P-QN4, as I gave, wins material simply, but there are several strong alternatives. 1.PxNP, BPxP; 2.B-B4 gives White a near decisive attack. Another possibility is 1.Q-R4 and then if P-K4; 2.B-B4! PxB; 3.PxP, PxP; 4.RxP, QxR; 5.BxQch, KxB; 6.Q-R7ch, K-K3; 7.R-KB1! PxN (or B-K2; 8.Q-R3ch, K-K4; 5.R-Bch! etc) 8.Q-B7ch, K-K4; 9.Q-B6ch, KxP; 10.R-B4ch, K-K6; 11.Q-Q4ch, K-K7; 12.R-B2ch, K-K8; 13.K-N1! mates quickly.

First prize in the May competition was shared by Messrs Taylor and Sahasrabudhe (£12 each) ahead of Messrs Abrahams, Figield and Deshmukh (£7 each) with consolation prizes to Messrs RamMohan and Mcsheehy (£2.50 each).

Last week's problem was misprinted. The bishop on f2 needed a coat of black paint. Thus the position was: White-Ka6, Re7, Pc6; Black-Kc8, Bf2. White to play. Can he win?

Problem 89

White played 1.P-N8=Q. Is this good, bad or indifferent and how should the game finish? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 12 July.

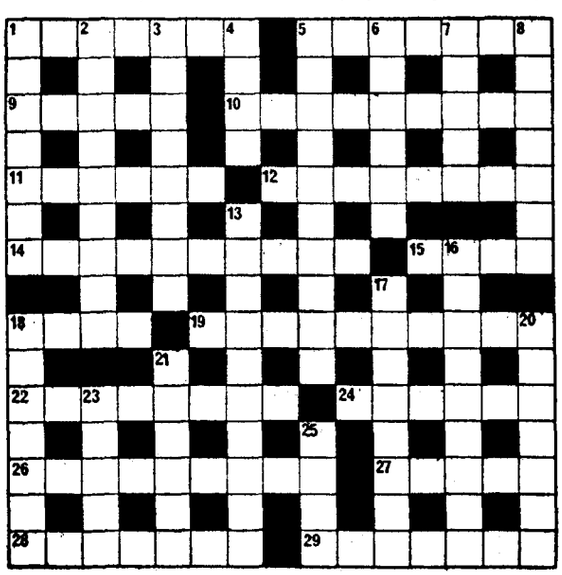


Solution to 87

1 . . . N-B4! 2.BxPch (If 2.PxN, Q-R5 wins) KxB; (On K-B1 White gets some chances by giving up his queen) 3.Q-N3ch, K-B1 4.Q-K6, NxP; 5.QxNP, Q-R5! 6.Q-R3 (QxQ, N-K7ch mates) QxQ; (. . . N-N7ch; 7.K-R1, N-B5! is neater) 7.PxQ, N-B7 Resigns.

Weekend Crossword 1267

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1267, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 11 July.



ACROSS

1. The sinner would be rescued if converted (7).
5. Where to applaud a bad actor (7).
9. State which is left inside the paper (5).
10. Musician whose job is to study a passage? (9).
11. Beliefs in dwelling-places without men (6).
12. Completed the discovery about the woman being after one (8).
14. Welcome weight, they fall from the sky (10).
15. Statesman who takes us to heart (4).
18. The climax is an animal kiss (4).
19. It is generally red but possibly green if in the East (10).
22. Use Latin wrongly, meaning to cut off (8).
24. Playwright who would be good if he got rid of the emperor (6).
26. Needs five to be deployed for protection (9).
27. Hold forth when there is nothing to value (5).
28. Oriental with flower at heart (7).
29. Wolves give the shy a setback about nothing (7).

DOWN

1. Withdraw although not handicapped (7).
2. Spilt in a dipper, this also carries water (9).
3. Drowsy so returns in company with a friend (8).
4. Sway something firm (4).
5. Engineering device which has an opponent among the expert (10).
6. Deity for whom an essential point exists (6).
7. Snag when the strike is over an award (5).
8. Where people are about to travel (7).
13. Kind of column made of tin or china (10).
16. Fry and I go into bat after we are about to make runs (9).
17. An Athenian in no matter which element (8).
18. Last tune with a backing fit for a princess (7).
20. They run away together or sleep badly (7).
21. Look for a stroke (6).
23. Seats which are not quite as firm (5).
25. Command in those actual battles (4).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1266

P	O	M	E	R	A	N	I	A		P	L	A	I	D
O		A		A		M		O		L		E
S	T	E	A	M		C	U	S	T	O	D	I	A	N
I		L		P		R		T		T		B		I
T	E	S	T	A	T	E		E	V	E	N	I	N	G
		T		G				R		R				R
M	A	R	I	E	N	B	A	D		S	A	S	H	A
A		O				O		A				U		T
R	E	M	I	T		M	U	M	C	H	A	N	C	E
I				I		B				O		D		
T	R	A	N	C	E	S		D	O	G	G	O	N	E
A		N		K		H		O		A		W		M
L	E	V	E	L	L	E	R	S		R	A	N	G	E
L		I		E		L		I		T		E		N
Y	E	L	P	S		L	E	A	T	H	E	R	E	D

Prizewinners to No 1266

Ron Gardner (Nottingham)
C. Plank (Sherborne)
D. Ealey (Leigh-on-Sea)

APPOINTMENTS

GREATER LONDON ARTS ASSOCIATION HAS A VACANCY FOR THE POST OF

SECRETARY TO THE DIRECTOR

GLAA is a voluntary membership organisation concerned with the planning and development of the arts in London. It provides advice and information to local government and voluntary agencies, funds arts activities, and promotes schemes to improve the accessibility of the arts to Londoners.

The Director's Secretary, who will also service the Assistant Director, carries a high degree of responsibility. Initiative, confidence, and ability to work under pressure are sought in addition to good secretarial qualifications.

Salary scale: £2,092 — £4,035 according to age and qualifications.

Applications by letter to the **Director, Greater London Arts Association, 25/31 Tavistock Place, London WC1H 9SF.**

Closing date: 15 July.

COULD YOU BE A PARTWORK EDITOR?

We are looking for people with the ideas, the stamina and the ability to originate, organise and see through new partwork projects.

You will need to be able to identify with a partwork readership and make practical subjects both absorbing and accessible to your readers and you must have a sound editorial background in popular publishing (it doesn't matter whether it is illustrated books or periodicals).

We are offering top salaries and excellent prospects, so if you are interested write with full details to:

The Editorial Director, Marshall Cavendish Partworks Ltd., 58 Old Compton Street, London W1.

WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION
Berks, Bucks and Oxon District

DISTRICT SECRETARY

Applications are invited for the above post, vacant on the resignation of the present Secretary in September 1978. The office is situated in Oxford. Salary scale £5,754 — £7,032. Closing date for applications 25 July 1978.

Particulars and application forms from:
C. Butler, WEA, 3 Cornmarket Street, Oxford.

The Labour Party

requires

MARKETING OFFICER

for Labour Weekly, the newspaper of the Labour Party. The successful applicant will be principally in charge of direct sales efforts through the Party organisation. He/she will work in liaison with the Circulation Manager, and will report directly to the Editor of Labour Weekly.

A thorough knowledge of the Labour Movement is desirable and experience in the organisation would be an advantage.

The salary scale is £4,345 - £4,645 per annum depending on appropriate experience in a similar capacity.

Application forms can be obtained from the **Administrative and Personnel Officer, the Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London SW1P 3JA. Telephone 01-834 9434.** The closing date for applications is Friday, 21 July 1978.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Electricity Consumers' Council

The Electricity Consumers' Council was created in November 1977 by the Government as an independent non-statutory body to represent the interests of electricity consumers in England and Wales at national level. Working with the 12 Area Electricity Consultative Councils, the job of the ECC is to make its influence felt on all issues affecting the interests of consumers of electricity in relation to the generation, supply and sale of electricity and to the sale by the industry of other electrical goods and services.

The Assistant Secretary will work direct to the Secretary, who is the Council's chief executive, and will have special responsibility for, and give advice on, matters concerning the Council's relations with consumer organisations, with the mass media and with manufacturers on matters which may affect consumers of electricity.

Candidates should have a background in the consumer movement and should preferably have had some experience of representing consumer organisations to the media and to the public at large. They must have demonstrated in their careers an ability to innovate and achieve results, should have had some administrative and policy experience and will preferably have a degree or professional qualification.

The post is pensionable and the salary will be in the scale £7,000/£8,000 including *current pay supplements and London Weighting* allowance. In an appropriate case a secondment could be considered. Further particulars may be obtained from: **The Secretary, Electricity Consumers' Council, 5th Floor, 119 Marylebone Road, London NW1 5PY** — the closing date for receipt of applications will be **14 July 1978.**

THE CAMBRIDGE ECONOMIC POLICY GROUP

DEPARTMENT OF APPLIED ECONOMICS

University of Cambridge

The Department wishes to make two appointments from 1 October 1978 or as soon as possible thereafter, one of Research Officer and one of Junior Research Officer, to work with the Cambridge Economic Policy Group directed by Wynne Godley.

The CEPG is engaged in a programme of research on the effects of economic policy. The emphasis hitherto has been on the UK but the perspective is now being extended to include other EEC countries and the international economy more generally.

Experience in economic policy issues and in empirical macro-economics, knowledge of economic theory or econometrics, a capacity to write clearly, and fluency in French, German or Italian would all be useful but not essential qualifications for the post of Research Officer.

Applicants for the post of Junior Research Officer should have a good degree in economics and a knowledge of mathematics.

Appointments will be made for a period of two years with the possibility of reappointment for a further period.

The pensionable scales of stipends are: Research Officer, £4,365-£5,730; Junior Research Officer, £3,425-£4,365.

Further information is available on request from the **Secretary of the Committee of Management, Department of Applied Economics, Sidgwick Avenue, Cambridge CB3 9DE,** to whom applications should be sent, together with a curriculum vitae and the names of two referees, to reach her not later than 26 July 1978.

General and Municipal Workers' Union
Head of Pensions and Social Services Dept.

(Based at Claygate, Esher, Surrey)

The department in its present form has been in existence for 5 years, under the direction of an experienced professional.

The successful applicant will be responsible for the development and implementation of policy on pensions and social security matters; providing specialist advice to national and regional officials; assisting and participating in negotiations on industrial pension schemes (which requires UK travel); and the development of training policy in this area. He/she will act as advisor to the GMWU on matters related to its own self administered pensions schemes.

Candidates should have an appropriate professional qualification and a sound practical knowledge of industrial pension schemes, pensions' legislation and the social security system. Knowledge and experience of industrial relations would be a considerable advantage.

Salary negotiable, car, housing facilities if required, generous pension and other benefits.

Applications stating career to date and current salary should be addressed to: **The General Secretary, General and Municipal Workers' Union, "Thorne House", Ruxley Ridge, Claygate, Esher, Surrey, quoting reference TC/HP.**

GRADUATE-MINDED Secretaries will find the more stimulating secretarial careers through the Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 01-353 7696.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 124 Gloucester Road, SW7. 373 7185.

TALENTED TEMPS for Publishers, the Arts, Business World and non-commercial. Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 01-353 7696.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp. Fenwick's). 493 3005.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

requires

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT

for their Asia Research Department to work on South Asia and handle and coordinate membership on individual cases of concern to Amnesty International. Applicants should have a knowledge of the political and social conditions of the region. Good typing essential. Closing date 17 July 1978. Salary c. £4,100. Knowledge of French and/or German preferable.

For application form 'phone 01-836 7788 Ext. 289 or write to 10 Southampton Street, London WC2.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

requires AN ASSISTANT

to work in the Secretary General's office. Duties will include preparation of agendii and relevant documents for meetings of Amnesty International's executive committee, follow up of decisions taken and the setting up and maintenance of a comprehensive filing system.

Applicants should ideally have had previous experience of working with committees, excellent typing and ability to work under pressure essential. Some weekend work will be necessary.

Salary c. £4,100 per annum.

Closing date 14 July 1978. For application forms and further details contact Amnesty International, 10 Southampton Street, London WC2E 7HF, or 'phone 01-836 7788 ext. 289.

CENTRE FOR INFORMATION ON LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH

PUBLICATIONS OFFICER

Previous experience in Publishing/Information work essential — including techniques of production of books, pamphlets and leaflets.

Salary on scale £3,762 (at age 25) - £5,044.

Further information and application form from: Director, CILT, 20 Carlton House Terrace, London SW1Y 5AP. Telephone 839 2626. Applications as soon as possible.

HOUSEKEEPER REQUIRED for cultivated clean London home (house) to look after elderly Jewish (not orthodox) refined, healthy, widowed gentleman. Lady must be healthy, cosmopolitan, refined, not over 60 years of age. If possible continental origin. Best references essential, can be also widow, domestic help kept. Box 1930.

PUBLICATIONS OFFICER

Needed by NCCL. Knowledge of design and print useful. £3,360 p.a. + LVs. Details and application form from:

NATIONAL CAMPAIGN FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES, 186 King's Cross Rd, WC1X 9DE.

JOIN THE CONTENTED TEMPS TEAM at Stella Fisher. Secretarial and all office skills welcome: higher pay rates now and always the more congenial jobs which include many in the Arts and Academic World. Call Stella Fisher Bureau, 110 Strand, London WC2. 01-836 6644 (also open Sats. 10 a.m.-12.30 p.m., 9 a.m.-6 p.m. Mon.-Fri.).

ADMINISTRATOR required by Fulham Legal Advice Centre, 510 Fulham Road, SW6. Must be experienced in office administration, able to deal with the public and have good typing speed. Some evening work essential. Salary £4,000 p.a. Applications to the Secretary, enclosing curriculum vitae. S.a.e. for further particulars. Tel: 731 2401.

INTER-ACTION, based in Kentish Town, is a community organisation with varied projects ranging from fringe theatre to City Farms. We are looking for professional people who seek involving work with few professional restrictions. Secretary/P.A. The Programming Director needs a secretary with good shorthand & typing. The job requires someone with intelligence, stamina, humour & common sense. The hours are long and can be irregular. Performer/Director for Dogg's Troupe. An exceptional person with experience in community/educational theatre. Should be equally capable of working with adults, children, students, the mentally handicapped and theatre in education. Two Performers also required for the Dogg's Troupe with at least two year's professional experience. Bus Driver with PSV licence to drive the Fun-Art Bus for six weeks during the summer. Telephonist for PMBX2 3-line switchboard to work mornings (9.00-1.30) or afternoons (12.30-6.00) and Administrator who is very efficient to be responsible for internal organisation of Inter-Action. We expect a high level of commitment from members in exchange for the opportunity to work in a stimulating and creative atmosphere where the efforts of individuals make a difference. We prefer our members to live in. For further information phone Ginge 01-485 0881 or write to Inter-Action, 15 Wilkin Street, London NW5.

COMMUNITY AND CO-OPERATIVE Education, a sister company of Inter-Action Trust Ltd. is looking for a Co-ordinator, to manage the development of schemes and training materials aimed at the young unemployed. Based in Kentish Town, North London, the work is funded from the European Social Fund and would offer scope for creative and imaginative approaches to the problems of unemployment. Salary up to £4,500 p.a. Starting date 1 September 1978. Further details from Ginge Kershaw, Inter-Action, 15 Wilkin St. London NW5 (01) 485 0881. Closing date for applications 7 July.

Fellowship

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHAMPTON

A RESEARCH FELLOWSHIP

is available in the Department of Physics to work on the magnetic and structural properties of two-dimensional arrays of atoms prepared using Langmuir trough techniques.

Applicants should hold a Ph.D. in Physics or Physical Chemistry. Experience in low temperature and/or magnetic techniques would be an advantage.

Starting salary will be £3,660 plus USS benefits and the appointment is for two years in the first instance.

Applications which should include the names of two referees should be addressed to D. A. S. COPLAND, THE UNIVERSITY, SOUTHAMPTON SO9 5NH, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

Please give ref. 377/R/NST.

Removals

TAXIMOVES FOR 1 & 2 TON VANS. all with helpful working drivers. 722 **7681.**

GENTLE GHOST

REMOVALS COOPERATIVE

Fast, cheap & reliable

All sizes

603 2865/602 3719

33 Norland Rd, London W11.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holidays/Travel

TRAVEL BARGAINS OF 1978

VENICE, VERONA, BOLOGNA £75. Staying at Lake Garda. Sept. 9th-18th, Sept. 16th-25th, Dec. 18th-27th.

BERLIN, DRESDEN, LEIPZIG £95. Staying at Gera. July 8th-16th, Aug. 5th-13th. Full board, 1st class hotel. Full programme.

ALGERIA £120. Oct. 7th-20th, Dec. 23rd-Jan 5th.

MADRID & BARCELONA £88. Sept. 10th-22nd.

MALTA £75. Dec. 5th-19th, & **£63** Dec. 12th-19th.
The holiday price includes full sightseeing programme.

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ. Phone 0484 24269

WELSH BORDER BLACK MOUNTAINS. Sic flat. Most dates. Weeks, weekends. S.a.e. High Darren, Llanigon, Hay-on-Wye, HR3 5QD Tel 04974355.

EAST SUFFOLK. Comfortable 16th C farmhouse in Alde Valley. 10 miles from sea. D, B, & B. Good food and wine. Open all year. SAE White House Farm, Bruisyard, Nr. Saxmundham, or Tel. Badingham 260.

NR. CHICHESTER. 3 bdr. det. house, 6 mins sea. 3 Aug £55 p.w. Leatherhead 72619.

MAGIC BUS. Amsterdam £10, Paris £10.50, Athens £26, Barcelona £27, Copenhagen £28, Lisbon £35.50, Morocco £47. 74 Shaftesbury Ave, W1. 439 0729, 439 0557.

REMOTE DEVON MILL. Ancient beams, mod. cons. Fishing. £55 p.w. Now & part July & Sept. Bealord 319.

WORLD WIDE ECONOMY FLIGHTS. Australia, New Zealand, USA, Canada, Far East, Europe. Tel Aviv & South Africa. Haymarket Travel Ltd, 31 Haymarket, SW1 839 6958.

WELSH HILLS. Superb sit., all comforts. D. b & b. £35 each p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw LL27 0QA. Tel. 039 287 4963.

PAINTING HOLIDAYS IN DORSET. Weeks or fortnights. May-Sept. Brochure: The Old School House, East Stour, Nr Gillingham, Dorset. Tel. East Stour 587.

EXPRESS TRAVEL. Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain. 01-734 6661/2.

SPECIAL FARE SPRING '78

BANGKOK	TOKYO
SINGAPORE	DJAKARTA
KUALA LUMPUR	DELHI
HONG KONG	AUSTRALIA
MANILA	NEW ZEALAND

and all destinations in Europe, Middle and Far East.
Try us first.
The Travel News (UK) Ltd, Radnor House, 93/97 Regent St, London W1. Tel: 01-439 4578/9

SOUTH AMERICA

Before planning your next trip contact us to obtain information on our special cost saving schemes, which provide the lowest possible fare structures to and within South America. We deal exclusively in this area and guarantee to provide expert service and advice.
TLBWAIN LTD.,
30a Sackville St, London W1,
Airline Agents: member of BAITA
Tel: 439 8671. Telex: 298925.

ERNA LOW

SUMMER AND AUTUMN VACANCIES AUSTRIA, lakes and mountains (with Vienna). Weekly deps. 23 July-24 Sept. from £85.

FRANCE. Auvergne. Special int. coach tours. Deps. 18 Aug and 8 Sept. £240.

PORTUGAL. Porto Nuvo (15 mls Lisbon). Deps. Sats. 1 wk. £157, 2 wks. £229.

BRITAIN. Cornwall, Devon & Kent from £56 (child reductions).

ERNA LOW LTD.,
5 Bute St, London SW7 3EY.
Tel.: 01-581 3211.

FLY * FLY * FLY

Unbeatable Bargains

Africa, Americas, India, Pakistan, Middle East, Far East, Tokyo, Australia, New Zealand, and Europe.

CALL ALBATROSS TRAVEL
01-839 7575/6
Irving House,
5 Irving Street, London WC2.

WYE VALLEY. Secluded guest house offers traditional and vegetarian menus. B.B.E.M. from £5.75 per day. Greystones, Hewelsfield, Glos. GL15 6UZ. Tel.: St. Briavels 387.

STUDENTS NEEDED. Holiday week for 150 needy children — outings, art carnival, 30 July - 6 August. Travel expenses, free board, food. Replies: Rosemary Trotman, c/o St John's Vicarage, 62 East Dulwich Rd, London SE22. (639 3807)

ATHENS £25. Geneva, Italy, Yugo. Istanbul, Israel, Paris. Coach/boat. 01-485 6078.

BEST VALUE FARES, regular, reliable departures, world-wide & European destinations. MAS, Empire House, 119 Regent St, London W1. 439 8511 (answerphone) 213.

FARE DEALS for students with the student owned travel service. Planes, trains and coaches. London Student Travel, 117 Euston Road, London NW1. 01-388 7051.

Secretarial

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Phone 727 5289.

BOOK MSS efficiently typed. Low rates. Cox, 30 Tennyson Rd, Romford, Essex.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts, 452 6617.

Publications

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS. Children's Books & Art Reference. Catalogue of books in fine condition from £1-£150. Now available from Lapis Lazuli, Whitebrook, Monmouth, Gwent.

MEDIA & THE LAW (Second printing) highly praised by editors, reporters, law tutors, politicians, etc £1.20 post free (£1.00 if 10 or more). Also 'The Press Council' by Roper Mead, £1.00 post free. Latest issue 'The Media Reporter' Vol 2 no 2 £1.00 + 15p postage. Brennan Publications, 39 Legh Road, Sale, Cheshire.

PENGUIN BOOKS. Visit London's first Penguin Bookshop for all your Penguin Book requirements. Approx. 4,000 new, secondhand, and out of print titles always in stock. Collet's Penguin Bookshop, 52 Charing Cross Road, London WC2. 01-836 2315. Near Leicester Square Tube Station.

REVIEW BOOKS and others in fine condition bought. D. Levin, Bookseller, 13 Grape Street, London WC2. 01-240 2376.

GET YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED. Details: New Horizon, Dept NS, 5 Victoria Drive, Bognor Regis. Also poems wanted. Write for special offer.

SECONDHAND Fiction and Biography, also new books at reduced prices, all at World of Books, 30 Sackville Street, London W1.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High St, London SW13. 01-876 7254

RUSSIA, EASTERN EUROPE WORLD Affairs Books bought and sold. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

Bookworm

THE FOLLOWING TITLES by Mervyn Jones are wanted: 'A Set of Wives', 'Survivor', 'Joseph', 'No Time to be Young', 'The Last Barricade', 'Big Two: Aspects of America and Russia'. Box 1602.

ALEX GLASGOW's new LP with the Northern Sinfonia on Rubber Records RUB 030. In the shops now!

Personal

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES. £50-£20,000. Regional Trust Ltd, 8 Clifford St, New Bond St, London W1. 01-734 5983 or 2914.

ARE YOU SEEKING occultists, witches, occult temples, etc? Nationwide and worldwide. Send s.a.e. or stamp to: 'Eterna', The Golden Wheel, Birkenhead L43 7RL.

ADVICE ON NATURISM. Nola Baker, Naturist HQ, Orpington BR5 4ET.

PSYCHOLOGIST/Hypnotherapist P. J. Millin of Harley Street. Develop confidence/overcome tension; etc. Appts. Tel. 01-800 4045.

GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA, spare ticket available for man, who would like to accompany attractive woman to the Magic Flute 5 July or La Boheme 14 July. Box 1926.

SELF-REALISATION — spiritual guidance (individual, postal) by philosopher and mystic. Box 1894.

'WHAT A PIECE OF WORK A MAN IS!' I could agree, especially if his interests include theatre, literature, music, countryside, walking, drinking and eating out, and he seeks the company of an intelligent, independent-minded 37 year old lady, exiled in Swindon, with whom he could enjoy the pleasures of life. 'Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible!' Was Shakespeare wrong? Box 1905.

CAMBRIDGE GRAD., 50, at start of terminal cancer, seeks counselling from humane doctor. Box 1857.

GROUP FOR WRITERS. Your writing and you. Thursday 6 July, 10.30 a.m.-3 p.m. 01-607 4172.

OVER FORTY group. Mature approach to leisure, culture, people. Box 1665.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, PSYCHOLOGIST. Formerly of Princes Gate. Now at Richmond. Phone 940 4416.

SEPARATED WOMAN, graduate, addicted to monogamy, sks cultured man for friendship: 40s, 50s, possibly 30s. Box 1893.

WARM, SPIRITED, intelligent, radical woman, 50s, seeks ditto man with sense of humour who also needs a special friend. London. Box 1891.

SINGLE BRITISH ACADEMIC, based USA; fair hair, moderate looks/height; deplorably immature 51; humorous, un-stuffy; summering London, Brighton, Oxford etc.; would enjoy merry-tender, caring relationship gentle, lively, literate lass — unattached, 25-40?; share tastes music, theatre, bookshops, country pubs, stately homes, wildlife, history, art, ideas, conversation; open to prospect Conjugal Felicity/Domestic Bliss. Box 1867.

EDUC. WOMAN, sincere, of good appearance, 40s, divorced, wishes to meet sensitive gentleman, forties/fifties +. Box 1886.

LIBERATED, separated lady, 41, attractive, successful career, sks unattached male companionship—40s, S Bucks area. Box 1922.

EDUCATED WOMAN, family flown, now hopes committed relationship, not necessarily remarriage, man 50/60 years needing and able exchange spiritual and emotional affection. Some intellectual interests, books, travel, music, homemaking, town or country. England/Ireland. Sense of humour, established prof/executive/artistic background. Box 1904.

SHY, QUIET, lovable male (30), longs to reciprocate with livelier, liberated MS (25-40). London, Herts. Box 1892.

SCANDINAVIAN FEMALE (42), main interests theatre, art, travel, good food & wine, seeks intell. m. companion. Box 1945.

VIDEOMATCH, EUROPE'S FIRST and biggest TV dating service. 01-221 7431.

RACE DISCRIMINATION

TV programme interested in contacting people, who have suffered discrimination, in employment ring:

01-749 3113

N. W. LONDON READERS

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR T.V. RENTAL SERVICE?

DRAZIN LTD offer a high standard of service with a wide choice of models.
We have been established in Hampstead since 1927
Telephone 435 7441 or call at our showrooms at
59 HEATH ST, NW3
(opposite Hampstead Tube Station)
N.W. London readers only, please

FOR A CARING RELATIONSHIP, anywhere, contact the people who care. 'The Stellar Agency' (friendship / marriage), Hillside, Zeal Monachorum, Crediton, Devon.

JAYNES INTRO BUREAU. You meet the best people. Genuine and sincere service. Free brochure, no obligation, in strictest confidence. Tel: 0423 509818 Jayne Harvey, Unity House, Ripon.

UNATTACHED people seeking new friends send for free brochure. Sue Carr Friendship Agency, Somerset Villa, Harrogate. Tel. 0423 63525 anytime. All ages/areas.

INTRODUCTIONS for professionals, artists, writers, people with cultural interests in 40-65 age range. London area. Box 1338.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP/Marriage introductions. Singles holidays, free lists. C.F. Fellowship, Dept:877, Edenthorpe, Doncaster.

RAPPORT: it's a special, unrepeatable month for men at Rapport, the intelligent person's introduction service. Write today for exciting details: Rapport, Box Number 94, Oxford OX2 9JR.

UNUSUAL PEN FRIENDS excitingly different, highly personal dept. & married couples dept. Monthly journal. Free brochure. S.a.e. (SNX) Bureau des Amies, PO Box 54, Rugby, Warwickshire.

WHETHER YOU ARE a Bishop, Knight or even a Pawn, hoping for a mate, contact us. We'll try not to rook you. Joan Remick Marriage & Friendship Bureau, 155 Knightsbridge, London SW1. 01-584 5151.

RAPPORT: enrich the quality of your life immeasurably with Rapport. Write to the intelligent person's introduction agency: Rapport, PO Box 94, Oxford OX2 9JR.

LOVE & MARRIAGE is a Bureau for single parents and people who enjoy family life. S.a.e. 400 Harrow Road, London W9.

A MARRIAGE THROUGH SOCIAL introductions Bureau, Est. 31 successful years Nationwide. Explanatory brochure on request to Margaret Hickes, 176 Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

SWEDISH GIRLS. Hundreds of beautiful and attractive young Swedish girls would like to correspond with you. Details free. Rovema International, Dept. E6, S-126 22 Hagersten, Stockholm, Sweden.

A FLASK OF WINE, A BOOK OF VERSE, and no-one to share 'em? Well, don't just sit there? Contact 'Status', the premier and reputable Intro service for unattached professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street, W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs.).

WANT PENFRIENDS WORLDWIDE? Send two 7p stamps for K & S Club Journal, Box 19, Bury, Lancs.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs, and firm and lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd., London W8. Tel. 01-937 6503.

Personal Services

SEX SUPERMARKET
THE ADULT CENTRE
(established over 10 years)
for Sex Aids and Appliances, Vibrators, French Ticklers, Exotic Undies etc.
Catalogues 10p + postage, on request.
519 Sheffield Rd, Whittington Moor, Chesterfield. Tel. 451118
International sheath leaflet Inc. DUREX brands s.a.e.

DUREX, ETC
Free bonus 12 with £3 + orders

	£
30 Gossamer	2.95
24 Nuform/Fetherlite	2.80
12 Non-stop	2.00
24 Tahiti colours	2.80
10 Texture Plus dotted	1.75
10 Geisha Slims smaller	1.65
22 Sheath Lady Killer sampler	3.00
50 Pieces Fun Pack mixed sampler	5.00

STOPES SALES LTD,
108/NS6 Whitfield Street, London W1
Money Refund Guaranteed plus CATALOGUE

FAMILY PLANNING CONTRACEPTIVES

12 Amor lubricated 85p doz
12 Amor assorted £1·50
36 Amor spec. assorted £3·80
Plus 25p post and packing.
Full list ret. with order.

Dept N.S.
OVALCROFT LTD.,
71-73 High St.,
Barnet, Herts EN5 5UZ.

Movie-Mate
(first of its kind)
SEE AND HEAR YOUR DATE IN MOVIES BEFORE YOU MEET
★ You can see and hear all about your date at our film studio in living colour and sound before you date him/her.
★ Special introductory offer £2 per selected date.
★ All nationalities catered for.
★ Tel.: 01-602 6562 12 noon — 8 p.m. any day.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 95 No. 2467

Contents

866 **Political Notes:** Missile fashions; Bukharin's come-back.
867 **Christopher Hitchens:** Eden, Suez and murder
868 **Martin Bailey & Bernard Rivers:** Sanctions-busting and the British oilmen
870 **Denis MacShane:** Eavesdropping in Cyprus
872 **Roger Murray:** High stakes in the Namibian power game
874 **Robin Cook:** The high cost of the arms trade
878 **Laurence Stern:** Schizophrenia in Washington
879 **Christopher Price:** Westminster Diary
880 ***Arthur Marshall:*** *Unfolding* my Potential
880 **Roger Woddis:** After the Massacre
881 **Letters to the Editor**
883 **George MacDonald Fraser:** The Indian Mutiny
884 **Donald G. MacRae:** Norbert Elias
Other reviews by Michael Mason, Mervyn Jones, Thomas M. Disch, Christopher Hitchens, Zahir Jamal
Crime Books
Reviews by Kingsley Amis, Philip French, Edward Pygge, Jonathan Keates
892 **Julian Barnes:** Television
892 **Russell Davies:** Sport
893 **Benedict Nightingale** Theatre
894 **John Coleman:** Films
894 **Peter Conrad:** Opera
895 **John Spurling:** Art
896 **Weekend Competition**
897 **Chess and Crossword**
Poem by Cal Clothier

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company) 836 6404. Info 836 5332. Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus' in repertoire with Strindberg's 'The Dance Of Death' (see daily press for dates and times). RSC also at The Warehouse and at the Piccadilly Theatre in Peter Nichols' 'Privates On Parade'.

ALMOST FREE 485 6224. Lunchtimes. 'One Off' by Bob Wilson. Tues-Sats 1.15 p.m. Suns 3.00 & 5.00 p.m. No show Mons.

ALMOST FREE 485 6224. Evenings. Kurt Vonnegut's 'Player Piano' by James Saunders. Tues-Suns 8.00 p.m. No show Mons.

CHICHESTER. 0243 81312. 30 June, 4, 5 & 6 July at 7.00, 1 & 8 July at 2.00 'The Inconstant Couple', 1, 3, 7 & 8 July at 7.00, 6 July at 2.00 'A Woman of No Importance'.

NATIONAL THEATRE 928 2252. 'Brand', 'Macbeth', 'The Cherry Orchard', 'The Country Wife', 'Bedroom Farce', 'Plunder', 'Plenty', 'American Buffalo'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

ROYAL COURT 730 1745 'Flying Blind' by Bill Morrison. Eves 8, Sats 5 and 8.30.

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR. 95 61107. Mary Kerridge, Veronica Strong & Jonathan Elsom in 'Hay Fever' by Noel Coward.

ARTS THEATRE. 836 3334
Worth queuing for from breakfast time' Financial Times.
TOM STOPPARD'S
DIRTY LINEN
Mon. - Thurs. at 8.30. Fri. & Sat. 7.00. & 9.15.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
75p per line (average 6 words; minimum 2 lines) Box No 50p
Trade in Personal £1.00 Display, centimetre £4.25
Send copy to arrive Monday a.m. or telephone
405 4911/2/3 or 242 5484/5/6
NEW STATESMAN, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ

Concerts

FREE JAZZ! 'Albert Square' from Manchester 10 July 8.0 p.m. 42 Gloucester Avenue, NW1. £1 admission.

AN EVENING OF FLUTE and harpsichord music. Carolyn Turner flute, Naomi Davidov harpsichord. Christ Church, Hampstead, NW3, Thursday 6 July 8.0 p.m. Tickets £1 and 80p obtainable at door. Works by Handel, J. S. Bach, Vivaldi and Rameau.

Exhibitions

GANYMED GALLERY, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836. Original lithographs and etchings by *Moore, Arthur Boyd, Whiteley, Lowry*, also 18 & 19 C satirical prints.

CRANE KALMAN GALLERY
178 Brompton Road, SW3
01-584 7566
Mon-Fri 10-6 Sat 10-4
Works by
Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland, L S Lowry, Ben Nicholson, Barbara Hepworth, William Scott. Also works by modern European and American artists.

Entertainments

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366. (Opp. Belsize Park Tube). John Cassavetes' 'Opening Night' (AA). Progs at 3.0, 5.45 & 8.35.

THE COOL WEB. Poetry at the Pindar of Wakefield, 328 Gray's Inn Road, Kings X, WC1. Actors and Poets in special series for BBC. Every Wednesday at 8 p.m. 75p, students 50p, 5 July Guest: John Wain.

Meetings

HELPING THE HOMELESS OF OUR INNER CITIES

Lecture by George Tremlett, Director of the National Association of Voluntary Hostels and leader of the GLC's Housing Policy Committee.

6.30 p.m. on Wednesday 5 July

At: Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Square, London WC1. Admission free.

'GYPSIES IN SOCIETY'. Talk by Dr Kendrick, Sec. of the Gypsy Council, London Young Humanists, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London W8. Sun. 2 July, 7.30 p.m.

NORTH SEA OIL — the Policy Options. Speakers: Tony Benn, Barry Sherman, Marcus Miller, Dick Sargent. Saturday July 8, 10.45-4.30 at Citizens Advice Bureau Office, 31 Wellington Street (off Strand) WC2 .Tickets from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1 (01-930 3077) or at door (£1 members, £2 non members).

UNITY THEATRE MEETING. Sun. 2 July 10.30-4.30. Co-op Hall, LCS Ltd., 129 Seven Sisters Road, N7. John Platts-Mills QC will present report followed by policy discussion. Old friends, new friends, sympathisers — all welcome.

THEOSOPHY: Simple talks for inquirers: Sun. 2 July 8 p.m. 'Foundation of World Faiths'. S.a.e., free pamphlet, book list, ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

CHILE
March for the 2,500 disappeared prisoners
SUNDAY, 9 JULY
Assemble 1 p.m. Melton Street, London NW1 (Euston Station). March via Chilean Embassy to Hyde Park Rally.
Pinochet must reply within 30 days.
We demand the truth.
Chile Solidarity Campaign
129 Seven Sisters Road
London N7. Tel. 01-272 4298

Courses

'ADLERIANS FACE SOCIETY in Change' — Weekend School, 8-10 Sept., St Hilda's College, Oxford. Details: Mrs H. Kaye (ASGB3), Little Friars, Brockenhurst Road, Ascot, Berks.

INTENSIVE FRENCH COURSES

Linguarama Ltd. will be holding two One-Week Intensive French Courses from 6-13 August (Matlock) and 13-20 August (Canterbury). These Courses are ideally suited for people who have learned French at school and retained a smattering, and who now wish to give it an intensive brush-up. Instruction will be completely in French, by the Direct Method, the teacher being a French National. Books and other teaching materials will be provided, as well as full board and accommodation in private rooms.

Cost — £95.00 + VAT.

All enquiries/applications to: *MRS. STELLA KENWAY, LINGUARAMA LTD., 53 PALL MALL, LONDON SW1.*

CENTRE FOR ANALYTICAL PSYCHOTHERAPY

6 Upper Harley St, London NW1

TRAINING COURSE 1978/79

This 3 year programme in psychotherapy consists of weekly seminars and groups in the evening. Introduction to family and group therapy provided. Also supervision for first patients.

Applicants should have a university degree or relevant professional experience in working with people.

Fees £85 per term.

All participants are required to have personal twice weekly psychotherapy throughout their training. For details please telephone 01-935 3070.

Closing date middle of July 1978.

FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, Russian. Full-time day courses. Evening courses, Conversation (all grades), courses for GCE 'O' & 'A' levels & Institute of Linguists. Correspondence courses. Mentor for Languages 115N Shaftesbury Ave, London WC2 (Cambridge Circus). Tel. 836 3753.

DEGREE, GCE and professional courses by post with qualified tutors and personal timetable from Wolsey Hall, the Oxford Correspondence College. Accredited CACC. Member ABCC. Free prospectus from W. Milligan MA, Dept BG2, Wolsey Hall, Oxford **OX2 6PR** *or Tel. 0865-54231 (24 hrs).*

GERMAN TUITION, all grades, by British subject academically trained in Germany. 435 8523. NW London.

Administrative Staff College, Henley

RESEARCH IN MANAGEMENT

Opportunities exist for suitably qualified applicants to study for a higher degree as a member of an active multi-disciplinary research community at the College.

Full-time or part-time study can lead to MPhil/PhD of Brunel University.

Financial assistance may be available from either College or external sources.

Further details from **Dr. D. W. Birchall, (Ref. R.P.95), Administrative Staff College, Greenlands, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon. RG9 3AU.**

WHAT IS THE FOURTH WAY?

For information on
Gurdjieff's Teachings write to:
BM Box 2894.
London WC1V 6XX.

Brighten your walls AND help the fight against racism by buying a print of Dan Jones' painting, 'Carnival against the Nazis'. It's a full-colour joyous expression of the solidarity of black and white, women men and children against racism and the Nazis — and all proceeds go to support the Anti Nazi League.

£1, plus 20p postage, from Carnival Print, Anti Nazi League, 12 Little Newport Street, London WC2H 7JQ.

Anti Nazi League

SECOND EUROPEAN CONFERENCE for Humanistic Psychology. Cité Universitaire, Geneva, 23-29 July 1978. 'Contact' is the theme of this year's conference. Contact with the European roots of Humanistic Psychology and contact with each other. There will be lectures, films and experiential events on a variety of subjects from *Prenatal Patterns* by R. D. Laing, to Death and Transition by Elizabeth Kubler-Ross. Details from the Association for Humanistic Psychology in Britain, 66 Southwark Bridge Road, London SE1 0AS.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR PSYCHODYNAMIC AND HUMANISTIC PSYCHOTHERAPY
offers
A DYNAMIC PSYCHOTHERAPY TRAINING PROGRAMME

This part time course will provide a comprehensive training in individual and group psychotherapy and counselling. It is designed for students and others in the field of mental health, social work, community work, education, and medicine. The aim of the course is to give students the practical and theoretical experience needed to develop their own synthesis of the psychodynamic, existential and humanistic approaches to their work. A two-year course beginning October 1978, Tuesdays from 4 p.m. to 10 p.m. Contact Anna Farrow, Pellin Centre London, 58A Kenilworth Ave., SW19. 01-946 1430, or Joan Meigh, 01-584 8792, or Dr Glora Doron, 01-794 4147.

Real Ale

JOIN THE BATTLE FOR REAL ALE — Join Camra. Send £4.00 for one years membership to Campaign for Real Ale Ltd., 34 Alma Road, St. Albans, Herts.

Accom. Vacant

FURNISHED FLAT. High Barnet. Bedroom, lounge, kitchen, share bathroom. £22 p.w. Suit single person. Tel. 01-449 1990.

SUNNY SPACIOUS canal side house with garden. Behind Camden Passage, London N1. 13 Aug-3 Sept. £100 p. wk. 01-236 3039 evenings and weekends.

If you are thinking of letting that Spare Room or other Accommodation for selected Prospective Tenants consult:
CLAIRE MARIE ASSOCIATES
2nd Floor, 80 Chancery Lane, London WC2.
01-405 8582/01-404 5737
We specialise in all types of unfurnished and furnished apartments etc.
DO NOT HESITATE!
Get in touch and get our advice!

THINK CLAIRE MARIE
When thinking of ACCOMMODATION, BED-SIT — FLAT, HOUSE or just a ROOM.
CLAIRE MARIE ASSOCIATES
2nd Floor, 80 Chancery Lane, London WC2.
Telephone 01-404 5738/9
Reliable and Helpful

Accom.Wanted

MALE, 27, back from 3 years in N. Africa and about to restart in publishing, seeks large room in shared flat (pref. mixed). North/Central London. Tel. 449 2452.

TWO MATURE postgraduate students (couple) require ground flr s/c. flat, min. 2 rooms, kit., bthrm, in North London for 1 year. £30 p.w. approx. Tel. 267 5792.

38 72 999 Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed in England by Eden Fisher (Southend) Ltd. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd. at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED